

DISORDER

THAT ATOMIC MAGAZINE FROM CITY 101.9 FM

JANUARY 1993 FREE



FLAMING LIPS
DOWN BY LAW
GIRL TROUBLE
BOMB
ATOMIC 61
KREVISS



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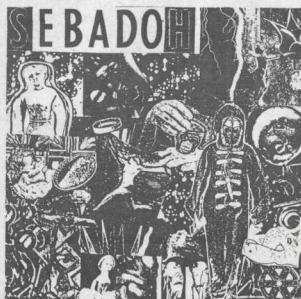


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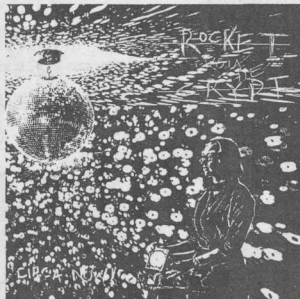


SEBADOH
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On Sebadoh's
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Barlow: "... (his)
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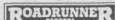
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JANUARY 1993
ISSUE #120

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Listen, it's hard enough getting a 7 member band together, much less keep them all in focus... Kai Korinth does what he does best with Vancouver's Kreviss.

Printed north of the 49th

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OFFICE USE ONLY

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Deadline for submissions is the 7th of the month. Disorder wants your stuff, and it our way and if we like it we'll use it; if not, we'll use it. Ad deadline for the February 1993 issue is January 20; deadline for the March 1993 issue is February 17. Ad Dept. hours are 9-5 Mon.-Fri. © 1992 3017.

"Anybody...we need a quote for this month."

CTR 101.9 FM is 1800 watts of neumatic bliss from UBC to Langley, Squamish, and points beyond. We're also on all major cable systems in the Lower Mainland except Shaw in White Rock.

Disorder is 32 pages of punk rock readability put together by an overworked and underpaid staff of elitist snobs who think they know everything and anything about everything you don't...and have the right to feel you about it. We'll also sell you the meaning of "alternative" which we have hermetically sealed in an empty jar of Shaggy's Peanutbutter for a hip sum and your firstborn.

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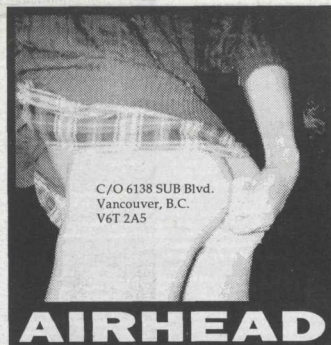
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B O A R D S

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Airhead, folks, we got a lot of ground to cover this month, so no time for idle chit-chat...

SPARKS 'R' FLYIN'

Dear Airhead, In response to your response regarding a letter titled "High School". It seems that there is a lack of all-ages shows as well as a lack of support for all-ages shows. Having been involved with putting on all-ages shows, witnessing the problems, struggles and hardships in-

involved with them, I thought that it would be appropriate for me to comment on the "age limit" argument, in defence of the freedom for people of all ages to see shows.

It bothers me that you probably never support all-ages shows, except for the cool ones where everyone you know is going, but still, as a veteran punk, feel that you have earned the right to give advice on the no minors vs. all-ages argument. Your advice was as follows:

1. to wait to become of legal drinking age.

2. to buy fake i.d.
3. to put on own all-ages shows.

So let's examine this great advice... waiting 3 years (as was this case) is not too long to wait, is it? How often will fake i.d. work when you look 12 (which is often the case)? Just how successful will the show be when you and all the rest of the "too old to care" punks won't even go to the show? What kind of advice gives such shitty options and then defeats them with pessimism? Throughout your whole response you explain how all ages shows don't work, the truth is that they can work and do work—just not with your "help." You may as well have just laughed in that person's face—sadly, I don't think you even cared.

Maybe the injustices are easier to see when you're under 19. Maybe we try to forget the injustices when we turn 19. I'm 21 and I hate to make statements, but I refuse to "grow up" if it means escaping reality i.e. hanging out at wherever every night, working 9 to 5 at a job I hate—and convincing myself that it's a good job, or sitting at home in front of the television criticizing the world while refusing to be involved with it. I'm human, I make mistakes, but I won't allow what's been given to me and say it tastes good.

To quote you: "...the fact that that money is the bottom line; music is a business."

That is not a fact, it is a myth. Music IS NOT a business—it is an art. Fuck those who wish to use it

to sell their product. That's what bars do—they use music and musicians to sell beer. The fact that a bar can seem cool just proves that businesses can make money off of "alternative"—don't be fooled to think that the clubowners care about the music, for their liquor sales are the bottom line. You make it seem that we should feel sorry for even thinking that bars suck, I am sorry to say, but I think they do. The fact that they are often the only place for bands to play just displays the pathetic laziness of those who claim membership to the scene. It's so easy to sit back and complain—do you really think it would take too much effort to make things different? Believe me, it's worth it...

with love,

kim kinakin

Airhead, My thoughts on "Trips" Sparkmarker review. Yeah, Sparkmarker are great. Perhaps the only great band in Vancouver right now.

Maybe my gripe with the review is that the Nappy Dugout is lauded as the coolest venue in town. Okay, maybe it's cool, but are you aware of what a "Nappy Dugout" is? A vagina. Let me nit-pick for a while. Perhaps Shaky (ND promoter) likes Ice Cube a lot. Being male, I may be full of shit, but I'm pretty sure I'd feel uncomfortable enough to not frequent the ND if I was female. It disappoints me to see that the skateboard crowd alienates women like this when skaters

(especially under-19 skaters) are alienated and have been for as long as I've been skating. I say "under-19 skaters" because they have it the worst, as far as going and seeing bands goes.

Perhaps it's wrong for me to blame the whole "skateboard crowd" for the actions of one skater, and perhaps he didn't think of the name because he's a skater. It just seems to me that young male skaters see women as something to stick their dicks in when they're not out eliciting something. It bugs me to see that nobody clues in to the sexist remarks and calls people on their shit. I remember an interview with Billy Childish a few months back and he said "If you took the sexism out of rock 'n' roll it wouldn't be rock 'n' roll." Yeah right. Just like if you took the racism out of white supremacy, it wouldn't be white supremacy. Fuck Billy Childish. *If Disorder* printed an interview where someone said the same things about black people that he said about women, people would lose their fucking minds!

Let's face it. Women make up roughly half the human race and if we're going to worry about the way we talk about other racial groups, we should worry just as much about the way we treat other sexes as well.

I'll keep my mouth relatively shut about the Nappy Dugout for now. At least it's all ages. Why look a gift horse in the mouth? Shaky's spent a massive load of

money on it, so his heart is in the right place, although his brain might not be. I'll rant more when my band plays there and I have some real power.

Oh yeah, Sparkmarker. I was going to cut up Trip's review, mainly because I don't understand the comparisons to Suicidal, All or Pavement, but I won't do that. I get really hokey and opinionated when it comes to my favorite local band. I think Sparkmarker has been pretty damn original since I first saw them 2 years ago and while they're much harder + heavier now, they still defy description. English just doesn't do them justice. So Trip's comparisons bugged me, but that's okay. Trip wrote and I didn't, and anyone can write for *Disorder*.

As far as the crowd being sedate, I fully disagree. Maybe my body was still, but my SOUL was on FIRE and I felt I was going to CRY IN MY TRUCK. I mean it. Sparkmarker live makes me want to continue all the shit I start but not finish. That's all. Love to all

Sean O'Leary
Vancouver
P.S. The Gest-Quest co-op defunct? No, we're just really lame lately and lack direction and argue amongst ourselves too much. So we're just... dormant.

And as far as Kim's (guitar player) voice being better than Ryan's (lead singer), fuck that shit. Kim's just a pathetic Tom Araya wannabe. Ryan is a beautiful genius.

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TRIVIALIZING TITLE

I would like for the lady who wrote the article on Flump, in defense of their painfully obvious message of violence against women, to read this;

We can be rented to perform any feat and we reflect the images presented by the medias, elite positive or negative attention is viewed as success we never ask ourselves to many questions to much truth in introspection maintain the regimentation and award self degradation we act out all the stereotypes, try to use them as decor and become shining examples of the system, we set out to destroy Because even in the most radical of groups you will find

That if you stray from the doctrine You will see hard times

I also wonder if the has ever been stalked so frantically by a rape threatening man that the right the only safe way to come forth in public was by using a goofy pseudonym.

PHYLLIS POON

WORDS OF WISDOM...AND AGGRAVATION

Dear Airhead.

As you can see from the postmark and return address on my envelope, I am an ex-pat currently residing in Manila, Philippines. I regularly get my share of mail, replete with good Canadian content drive, which this month included a cartoon from the October issue of *Discorder*. The cartoon sucked, but the letters on the backside were a welcome treat. I live in a country where the media is obviously manipulated by the reigning government, and the voicing of opinion (no matter how insane) is definitely a no-no. Regardless, what the cartoon lacked, the letters more than made up for.

I had to laugh at the pettiness of "What is Alternative?", obviously the flavour-of-the-month topic. "Alternative" as defined by Oxford, does not refer to music or

subculture at all, but rather the availability of choices. Let's examine alternatives.

I am a Caucasian female of 5'10" stature, with red hair (some what artificial due to the fact that I always thought bright red alternatives to going black), living on an island with 60 million short, dark people. The average height for men here is 5'6" and women 5'2", therefore I don't have to try very hard to stand out in a crowd and look very different. I guess that makes me alternative. The real issue here, however, is not so superficial. I grew up in a country where music is a real concern for a teenager, as is being fashionably correct in respect to subculture. I did at one time use the term alternative as a label for myself. "Alternative to what?", my dad always asked. "Your friends all look exactly the same as you do." Of course, at the time I didn't think so, but nine years later, most gothics and punks still do the same things I did last decade. Ah, to afford the luxury to worry if you're wearing just the right shade of black!

Alternatively speaking, the people I see here every day worry about other things. The youth struggle to overcome crushing poverty, and make enough money to buy food. The average income here for trained clerical work is two thousand pesos a month - one hundred dollars Canadian. I am fortunate to live in a beautiful house with a live-in maid (as is expected in this culture, even the poor have housekeepers) and I make enough money to still worry about just the right shade of black. I also eat three well-balanced meals a day, and I can afford to buy shoes to walk to the restaurant of my choice. I am a lucky one.

Every day I drive by hundreds of people on the street with inadequate clothing, inadequate health care, and extremely inadequate housing. Miles of tin and cardboard shacks line the highways, peopled by a starving, uneducated population. The blind and lame struggle up to the highway and work their way through the cars and pollution, knocking on windows for a few centavos - equivalent to one-fifth of one cent. Usually they work for a syndicate

and collect nothing for their troubles, further tightening the purse-strings of would-be givers. But break my heart because I've seen better fed cockroaches here! What makes me even angrier is the memory of an "alternative" female begging on the corner of Robson and Thurlow, fully clothed, well-educated, and able to afford Marlboros. Gifted, you ain't got no idea of poor!

I realize, with grim clarity, that being alternative to millions of people of the world over means having all your teeth, limbs, and family members. It means eating every day, sleeping in shelter every night, and knowing that your children will live. As for all those politically correct Vancouverites who are sitting back smugly questioning what I am doing to help alleviate the aforementioned strife, I donate a generous portion of my income to the appropriate agencies who will in turn, "feed the world". Good form, right? I don't look for kudos. I am looking to enlighten all those people who have seemingly forgotten the punk/alternative movement was originally started as a protest against unemployment in England. Since then it has been bastardized into a trivial fashion statement.

What's my point? Let's all do something REALLY alternative and donate something for the genuinely unemployed and hungry people of the world, because yeah, they do know it's Christmas time.

Kristeen North
Manila, Philippines

Dearest Airhead:
I resent Mr. Bo Boyle's letter about supporting the arts.

I've been supporting the arts for years and drinking like a fish. If Mr. Bo "bom again" Boyle doesn't realize that it's often the liquor sales at openings that keep these establishments running maybe he should talk to a few of the owners. I have also bought the odd piece of art, but since I hate the idea of material possessions my donation through drinking is the best method for me. That's all I wanted to say, yours, forever and ever Imelda Jones

Dear Rory Tal, Grant Lawrence, et al,
You guys just hate me because I'm beautiful.
Chris "the sculpted MC of Shindig!" Eren

3, IT IS A MAGIC NUMBER

Discorder,

Don't you think it's time to get rid of that little scooter fuck. He's tried to prove his point on what an "asshole" he is and stay away from scooter "the s" mean, he's a devil's oooh. What a crack of shit. Mr. Musician reviews are just now getting boring. We've read them all before so just change your line up and put somebody on that knows how to review instead of somebody who yells try to put big words in with little "cool put downs" just to give himself, some sort of reputation. It's not like he's the only one though, he's just the most annoying. For a wannabe critic, like him to say about somebody that they're "a narrow minded" man you can hear a distinct whistle from between their ears or call people "poopers" is a fucking joke. I haven't heard that word since grade 10 and the mohawk skate punk days. It sounds more like he's the poster. Also to say bands sucked and people were lucky if they missed them just because they played with a band he didn't like. Then blatantly saying he said it due to guilty by association just to let people know how "bad" and "mean" he is, makes me laugh. Only a geek would brag about saying he's seen Fishbone 3 times in the last 6 months. Get rid of that gag and get somebody who knows how to inform us instead of someone who makes us sick and embarrassed for him.

He's see-through and people don't like people like that especially when they're trying to talk down on them like they're the authority. So I'm sorry if I have run on sentences or the set up was incorrect but I obviously didn't get those extensive criticism courses that Scooter did. He must still be sore inside about being picked on and beaten up

by the other kids when he was little and if everybody else right now knew who he was I'm sure it would be even worse. A few of us know how geeky looking and pathetic he is so to even think of him trying to fight back leaves us rolling on the ground with laughter. I hope to see that happen some time so wish me luck. So print this letter so that everyone who doesn't know him but has read his reviews can laugh along with us and hopefully pick on him when they see him.

unligned

Dear Airhead,

In the last few years I have discovered the wonderful pool game they call Snooker. That's the one where you sink a red ball and then go after a colored ball. It's fun and easier than I looks. I also dig 8 Ball as well, try my heart lungs to snooker.

I'm so enchanted with these games that I am forming a **Women's Snooker League**. We will play at Guys 'N' Dolls (on main @ Broadway) and the games will include a choice of snooker 8 ball. No cigar smoking during play. Beginners are more than welcome. Partners will be paired according to skill level and that stuff. No asses allowed but no means either.

Soladies, leave your name and a contact number with Linda at CTR 82-2017. I'll get back to you with more info. If all goes accordingly we should be begun play around Feb first.

And fellas...as you've surely gathered you're not allowed! But feel free to leave your name and number with Linda and perhaps we'll have some "challenge matches" in the future with youse. Or maybe I'll have a game with you, myself.

Don't be shy! See ya,
Judith Beaman

Dear Discorder,

Enclosed is my payment for another year subscription. Thanks for existing! Since subscribing last year, I've started a record store in the Minneapolis area & keep your magazine on hand for reference. It's a welcome sight each month. In fact, one of my employees recently road-tripped to Vancouver, & MADE her travel companions listen to CTR THE WHOLE TIME. Let me know if you need anything from the Twin Cities area.

Scott Covey
Northfield, Minnesota
USA

COWSHED CHRONICLES

IT SEEMS THAT EVERYONE IS COMING CLEAN THESE DAYS. WIPING THE PROVERBIAL SLATE CLEAN AS IT WERE. SO WHY NO THOUGHT. A STEADY IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION. SO, HERE I GO, BREAK OUT THE CHAMPAIGN 'CAUSE IM COMING CLEAN. USED TO SHOPHIT, REALLY, OKAY SO IT WAS 1974 AND I WAS A YOUNG BOOB BUT A CHAMPAIGN CRUSHED ALIST OF GODS FILTERED DURING THESE EARLY YEARS READS LIKE A LIST OF STAPLES NECESSARY FOR A YOUNG MAN'S RITES OF PASSAGE: SMALL TOOLS, SCREWDRIVERS, WRENCHES, SOCKETS

TOO. MAINLY FEARS I HAD NO REAL IDEA HOW TO USE BUT...WELL I NEEDED THEM...PORN MAGS, USUALLY LOWER SHELF BLACK AND WHITE WESTERN PRINT VOLUMES FILLED WITH MODELS THAT LAST MONTH WERE POSING FOR THE FRONT COVER OF TRUE DETECTIVE I WOULD HAVE GONE FOR THE GLOSSY MAGS BUT THEY WERE ON THE TOP SHELF AND HARDER TO STUFF DOWN YOUR PANTS OR TUCK QUICKLY INSIDE YOUR JACKET. PIZZAS, I USED TO GET PIZZAS OF DELIVERY DRIVER'S CARS. IT'S INCREDIBLY EASY--NO HOW TO'S BECAUSE IT CAN STILL BE DONE TODAY. COUNTRY T-SHOOTING RECORDS WERE HARDER TO BEING THAT IT'S TOUGH TO LOOK UN-ASSUMING WITH GREEN ALBUMS UNDERNEATH YOUR KANGAROO JACKET. ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU'VE BEEN IN THE STORE THREE TIMES THAT DAY. ALREADY AND HAVEN'T PURCHASED ANYTHING OTHER THAN AN EIGHT TRACK TAPE HEAD CLEANER. WOW, I'M LETTING IT ALL HANG OUT--ACTUALLY, YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO SEE THAT, OKAY. HERE ARE SOME QUICKIES: TO THE CLERK AT THE 7-11 AT 4TH AND YEW WHO GAVE ME CHANGE FOR A TWENTY WHEN I ONLY HANDED HIM A FIVE. SORRY I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING BUT I REALLY NEEDED THE CABBAGE. TO A CERTAIN CTR NEWSSTAND. YES I DID TAKE YOUR CASSETTE THREE YEARS AGO BUT I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS YOURS UNTIL AFTER I HAD ALREADY TAPED OVER IT. TO MY MOP, YOU KNOW WHEN I TOLD YOU I WAS GOING TO ALL THOSE MOVIES DOWNTOWN OUR HIGH SCHOOL? WELL I WAS ACTUALLY OUT OF MY HEAD AT SOME PUNK ROCK GIG. I ENJOYED YOUR CONFESIONS FOR NOW, OH, BY THE WAY, WE MISSED BACK BOB WE MISSED YA.

GTH



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Retrospect on '92

by Dan Moure.



Nineteen-ninety-two...Ah...nineteen-ninety-two.

Almost two thousand years after that big bad dude with a crucifix and hokuspokus water came down (or up?) to this dreary little planet, we're still here grovelling in our self-pity. Well, this particular year has seen quite a few memorable events take place. Certain Gods and Demi-Gods have visited our humble little home. Gods such as the Cure and Morrissey(?) and even J.A.M.C. For those of you who like U2, I'll throw them in there too.

But wait, that's not all. It can slice, dice, cut, chop and blend even the toughest of vegetables. 1992 has also seen the big outdoors show...um...was it Lollipoploza or something like that? "It was a smashing show combining the best of today's modern music..." Personally, my favourite part was watching the rain wash the "permanent" blue dye out of people's hair. The fun began when the "permanent" dye ran down the people's faces which magically transformed their skin into a beautiful shade of blue resembling that of figamorts.

Speaking of Magic, didn't that basketball player guy retire twice due to some sort of disease he got (it's called AIDS, Dan. Ed) after having sex with...ah, roughly...TENS of women? Wow, imagine that, who would have thought you could get that disease that way? Personally, I'm still for the dirty toilet seat theory. I should not trivialize a disease so serious as the one he has unfortunately become a victim of, but one has to wonder why when a most-celebrity gets this thing, they are avoided like the bubonic plague. But when that magician guy gets it, he's a hero and people run up and shake his hand. Wow, what a role-model!

Now that we're on the topic of sports, 1992 has also seen the arrest and conviction of that lovable, huggable, adorable and irresistible Mike Tyson guy. Obviously, Mike suffers too many blows to the head because the auditory cortex part of his brain received an, "Oh, please do," when she said, "No!" I wonder how he's doing now...?

Onto bigger things, 1992 unfolded the continued changes for the better(?) for the former Eastern Bloc. To think that as wiper (excuse me, "sanitary tissue,") costs more than Rubles is mind blowing. Or how about the bickering in former Yugoslavia? If only they would have been fortunate enough to have some oil wells, boy, those good capitalist Americans would have been there to save the day months ago.

On the round trip back home, 1992 has seen Doctor Master make his first billion. For those of you who are still wondering what the TRUE definition of that weird music style...Ah...Um, Alternative is, 1992 has discovered that also. al•ter•na•tive: buying those shoes that made Mr. Marten so rich, then sandpapering them so as to make them look old. Then saying you got them when the Sex Pistols (who?) were still around. (ie: it's the image, not the feeling, c'mon people!)

The big sight for 1992 was that referendum bit. It's very sad to see that we spent \$130 million on something that has resolved nothing. No hardfeelings against the politicians, but it would have been nice to spend that money on the homeless or real hair dye and new Doc's.

I suppose I've sounded a tad more cynical than I've intended to, but, all in all, 1992 hasn't been too shabby. I mean, who can complain about a year in which Benetton adds portrayed that little chicken doing the 100 meter breast-stroke through the Exxon oil spill for the sole purpose of selling more clothes?

Perhaps 1993 will be as eventful as '92. Who knows, maybe Michael Jackson will be at the next Lollipop thing or maybe we can teach America how to mount flags properly. But then again, maybe Elvis and Jack Kennedy are still alive and forming a conspiracy to buy out Kraft Macaroni and Cheese.





HELP!

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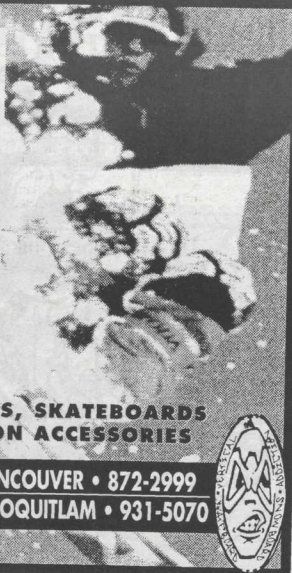
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Shindig

BY JAMES SVEA, TOM, A.O. and RORY

Well, it has finally ended. A winner has been crowned and Shindig's work is done for yet another year. It took 13 weeks, 27 local bands, 2 venues, 4 MCs, 2 photographers, 11 writers, 44 judges, 88 judge's beer, a whole gaggle of good and even worse jokes, 78 Jokes For Beer beer, countless broken hearts and the assistance and attendance of too many folks to even begin to start mentioning on these concurred pages. That's it, we're tired, see 'ya in '93.

Monday November 16

I caught a few Shindig shows last week and the one on Nov. 16th was surely the oddest. Although no Tragically Hip/Pearl Jam/jammy-rawk wannabes twined about onstage, this time, the music turned out to be pretty blah none-the-less. Had I been a judge on this night I would have picked the first band—which dumbly featured the word "cervix" (**Not In Cervix**) in their name—as the winner: a pleasant mix of ska/punk. Band members included an excellent guitarist, gangly singer, and a real bonehead drummer (Sir, it's extremely bad form to carry on greeting pals and lady-friends as you did while another band is playing a showcase). I couldn't make out the lyrics but can easily picture this troupe playing all-ages hall gigs. Highlight of the night for moi.

As for the second band, **Mickey O' Love**, yikes! Their songs were awful. With songs about drugs (they took the "anti" position), bad family relations, and odes to talkshow hosts Sally Jesse Raphael and Geraldo, this was truly bad rock opera. I like to support groups that play Shindig, it takes energy, commitment and a certain fearlessness to get up in front of a bunch of folks, however, these songs were so wretched in content that I couldn't muster the energy to clap between songs.

The third band (and winners), **Howard vs. Willy**, were adequate. I was quite surprised they won. A tight trio with snare, heavy drums and rather lacklus-

ter, why-yes-I-am-a-slacker voices, I deemed "en okay." I'll admit I left after a few songs (a combination of an okay for sleep and an overdose of second-hand smoke) but did I miss much? Perhaps.

James Osterberg

Semi-final Action

Monday November 23

This week in the continuing trilogy of Shindig marked the beginning of the semi-finals. Once again, the Railway Club played host to Stick Monkey, Meet Daisy & Ten Feet Tall. I had seen **Stick Monkey** play once before at an outdoor concert in Kamloops, where the headlining band was none other than D.O.A., and though they were good then they're even better now. Stick Monkey played powerful instrumentals that were nicely backed up by the lead female singer's melodic voice. The guitarists achieve performance left of me of us in awe and therefore landed them a deserving 2nd place finish.

Up next were some young men from Simon Fraser University who called themselves **Meet Daisy**. Unlike Stick Monkey or Ten Feet Tall, I had no idea what they were all about but as soon as they started their set I was addicted. Although they were generally a unique garage-type band, the lead singer had definite P!nk and Dinosaur Jr. influences. Meet Daisy played some really good tunes, they connected well together, and, overall, they ripped! I could've listened to more but was content in knowing that Meet Daisy had advanced to the finals.

After another great host of Jokes For Beer, hosted by the lovely Paul McKenzie, **Ten Feet Tall** came on stage, my musical high from Meet Daisy was quickly deflated. Had I been 14 I might have chosen these guys, alas, I am not! Ten Feet Tall are a 70's punk influenced band that just didn't

connect together well at all. They just weren't my bowl of pretzels....

Svea Sjoberg

Monday November 30

First on the night's bill was **Movieland**, a band I had been wanting to see for a while, and with their basement-Stone Roses style they didn't disappoint me at all. They play the type of music that you could listen to, apart from live, that makes you feel happy and alive without the scorching head-ache. Alan (lead vocalist, guitar) has a good voice but all too often it was inaudible under the loud acoustics. Their song "Burn You" is one of the best songs I've heard in a good while from a local act. Movieland was nothing short of great, and after this night we'll definitely be hearing them at the finals.

Svea Sjoberg

Next up were the **Woo Woos**. Everyone tends to say the same thing about this band, that being "Fun, noisy, a stupid name." Maybe that's part of the idea, since they took me by surprise with their guitar-heavy, bass-end hardcore, Rollins/Cro-Mag style. They were fucking great (despite some problems with a buried guitar sound) but everybody knows loud, angry bands can't win "best of" competitions.

Darkest of the Hillsides thickets capped the night off. To be fair, I really was quite drunk by this point but their combination of Gwar-like visuals and a Dinosaur Mad sound (sort of a bad rock 'n' roll mix with a punk feel) was never more than slightly amusing. Acting foolish never really makes up for dreary music. Still, all in all, a fairly great night. I had no idea the Shindig semi-finals could be so entertaining.

Tom Milne

Monday December 7

This was the last evening of semi-finals at the Railway and a moderately sized crowd came down to dig some shows. The first to hit the stage spotlight was **Brand New Unit**. This band featured some fine guitar playing and a singer who was intense enough without making you think that he was a Henry Rollins Jr. or a high chair. A broken guitar on a stringed loud BNU's momentum down a bit, and while there was nothing terribly unique about the band their ditties were pretty (pardon the pun) A.O.K. in my book.

Howard vs. Willy took the stage next donning tunes and almost as much plaid as the Real McKenzies had a few weeks earlier. These lads were like a new king size mattress: heavy and tight. However, a lot of this group's songs sounded the same and I got a little languorous, so I ended up talking to this attractive-red-

headed girl about hairless mice. There must be some Bunyanesque in-joke with this band's moniker that I failed to grasp.

After some pun-peppered Jokes For Beer, **Twitche** was on next. I recall these boys from the first round as being a little more jangly, and I don't know if the songs they played that night were really indicative of their sound because they came out with the louder heavy hitters that made them sound at times like the Pixies and at other times like 13 Engines. Twitche deserve credit, though, for having the most varied song styles of the three bands. All in all, the evening demonstrated the spectrum of good local bands that dwell within our city's precincts, but somebody had to walk away with first place, and that was **Brand New Unit**.

A.O. Chapman

Shindig Finals

Friday December 11

The Grand Finals were well-attended by friends and fans of the three contestants, allowing for a decent-sized crowd to soak up the enthusiastic performances of all the bands. Before arriving, I was (prematurely) disappointed that without sound there'd be a night comprised of only white-boy, loud guitar bands. However, superficial pigeonholes are still the most pathetic means of appreciating music; all three groups put on a strong show.

Meet Daisy delivered a schizoid mix of compositions ranging from full-on rock-out mania to the most delicate noise and diverging guitar riffs; the effect was like listening to a live performance of a lo-fi conceptualism. **Movieland** worked into a set of British-influenced psychedelic pop, which then veered off into angst territory, not unlike Joy Division. They ended their set with a curiously spontaneous equipment-destruction episode. **Brand New Unit** crashed onto the stage with a tight, intense and sweaty demonstration of classic hardcore; a near-violent slam pit opened up immediately while the Unit pumped out the tunes.

Brand New Unit walked away with top prize, 24 hours of 24-track recording time at Mushroom and Bullfrog Studios, as well as the opportunity to spin on a bill produced by Perryscope. Movieland placed second, winning 48 hours of 16-track studio time at Big Boss Sound and a \$100 gift certificate from Not Just Another Music Shop. Meet Daisy drew in third, receiving 24 hours of 8-track recording time at both Renegade and Deadbeat Studios.

Thanks again to all the bands who entered and performed, the judges, the writers, and to Mindy Abramowitz for persevering in the thankless role of Shindig organizer. See you all next year.

Rory Tait

Nardwar The Human Serviette's Top Ten Reasons To Live (Nardwar The Human Serviette 3:30-4:00PM Fri)

1. Seeing Rockin Rod & the Strychnines, Potty Mouth, and Unwound at a house party in Olympia.
2. Learning about Neil Young's walling 1960's Winnipeg based garage band, The Squires, from a great book called *Aurora, The Story of Neil Young and the Squires* (Available from NYASD, 24 Lynly Street, Bridgman, Mid Glamorgan, CF31 1st, Wales, UK).
3. Reading 10 Things Jesus Wants you to Know fanzine. No, this ain't full of Christian diatribe, just simple, honest band interviews, intelligent record and show reviews, plus it features a cool layout, and no bullshit major-label, fat-folkie lame-ass ads. A great waste of time. Free in the Seattle area, or from 1407 NE 45th St. #17, Seattle, WA 98105 USA.
4. Mecca Normal/Krevis split #1. This greenish disc marks the first time Canadian bands have been featured on Sub-Pop since Skinny Puppy reared its head on the Sub Pop 100 compilation.
5. Drum sound on "99 Girls," by the Young Fresh Fellows, from the *It's Low Beat Time* CD. Using the same studio (Audio Recording) and same engineer (Kearney Barton) as the Sonics, this recording is as close as anyone has come to aping the true Northwest 60's punk feel; right up there with the Mummies' version of "Tall Cool One." No joke.
6. Victoria, B.C., Canada: home to tons of amazing bands and not enough record labels, although the *Blobs* series has been a great blessing to Vancouverites wanting to hear fresh new voices from the island. *Garden City* layouts rakes include BUB, Mexican Power Authority, Fracast, Swell Prod, Loud Bag, Contempt, Show Business Giants, Closetman, Seat Belt, Pigment Vehicle, the Vinaigrettes, Laffing Stock, Pressure Cooker, OTTG and Goat Boy. There's also a cool record store, Funhouse, the intellectually stimulating *Coercion* 'zine! (I from 2418 Dyer St., Victoria, B.C., V8R 5T2) and the incredible Sam's Deli.
7. The Monks. A group of ex-American servicemen living in Germany during the 1960's started this far out combo. Dressed in black with heads shaved like monks, these dudes played violent, brutal, near insane music. Quite possibly the strangest group to ever take form, dig their story in *Ugly Things* magazine (405 W. Washington St. #237, San Diego, CA 92103 USA) put out by Mike Stat of beatlords, The Hoods.
8. All-ages gigs at the Nappy Dugout and continued "quality" rock performances at the Cruel Elephant.
9. Fizz. A new "blah blah blah" magazine from L.A., which is so hip it even prints letters that *Disorder* Gaud, Paul T. Brooks, has sent to the editor. Six issue sub available for \$20 (U.S.) to P.O. Box 67E27, L.A., CA 90067 USA.
10. Local releases that continue to flow: Sparkmar, Drone, Incisives, Supercollider, Lung, The Crusaders, cub, Facepunch, Pork Queen, The Sweaters, Cat's Game, Tankhog, Rattled Rosters, Fratricide, DOA, Hanson Brothers, Twerdoodle, Smugglers, Itch, Windwalker, Cartoon Swear, Perfume Tree and tons more.

The Browns' Top 10
Phrases To Belch Gratu-
tiously In Front Of Them
And Friends. Try Them...
You'll Be Amazed; Offend
Sousers, Cap That Per-
fect Rebuttal, Use For
Placed Interjections! The
Possibilities Are
Endless. (In Order Of In-
creasing Skill Level)
(Breakfast With The
Browns 8:15-11:00AM
Mon.)

1. Ralph
2. Land-butt
3. Nog-a-hid
4. Arkansas
5. Molly Ringwald
6. Islamabad
7. More coffee!
8. Arts Council
9. Architecture
10. Dandelones

Brent Argo's Top 10 List
For 92 (Soul Church 3:00-5:00 PM Sun.)

1. *Prospero's Books* (Even better a second time).
2. *Great Branch, Surrey Public Library* (Yes, Surrey).
3. *Brian Eno's Nerve Net* (Eno returns).
4. *In The Middle, Somewhat Elevated* (New heights in local, national dance).
5. *A Week in the Real World* (Great recent music).
6. *King Sunny Adu live* (Boy, was he ever).
7. *Prospero's Books* (Stretching the envelope! in every direction).
8. *Passionate pizza* (personal favourite).
9. *Europa* (At the count of ten you will see a great film).
10. *Jah Wobble's Rising Above* (The new dropping eclecticism).



SECRETS ENTRUSTED
TO A FEW

BY JUDITH BEEMAN

Hello friends! Being a fairly romantic I tend to regard the New Year with a certain fondness. In a nutshell, it's a time to begin again. To be an even better wife and telephone operator in the months to come; to read less magazine and more books; and continue to pass on some of my favorite book titles to you, gentle reader. Here's to a great year and happy reading.

Ed. 'n' I designed a wrap-the-year-up type list from me, concerning book notes from last year. 1992 found me reading *Virtual Sex World Reader* (Cicci's) and ignoring corporate dalliance *Madonna's Sex Book*. Ms. Bright (perhaps you know her as Susie Sexpert) is indeed an expert on knowing what makes an interesting, humorous, often profound, read concerning the subject of sexual matters. In the *Virtual Sex Reader*, Bright recounts stories about her friends and lovers; interviews Camille Paglia—a hobby the way will soon have her own sex column in *Spin* mag. A single mom, Susie also describes pregnancy from a sensual viewpoint. What makes Susie Bright's books so interesting is that she comes across as a whip Dr. Ruth for the bisexual community. Sorry, Madonnas, with folks like Susie around, your daring little photographs aren't needed.

1992 was the year I got "into" comics in a major way. I even ventured to a comic show at the Heritage Hall (Man@15) which was a rather surreal experience and well worth the effort. I struck some great deals. Ask your local comic shop when the next one is on.

The comics that most interested me are the autobiographical ones. *Real Story* by Dennis Eichman, *Peep Show* by the lovable winner Joe Matt, *Dirty Place* by Julie Doucet, *Slutwars* by Mary Elceker, and the newswatch *Mokey* by Pat Moriarty (an art director for Seattle based Fantagraphics, Pat draws and has his more famous comic plus contribute stories, crude but fun).

My favorite in this genre is Canada's own *Chester Brown*'s outrageous *Yummy Fur* is being made into a film! Pretty good for this shy loner who presents slivers of his own teen years, as well as fictional characters such as the man with the head of Ronald Reagan stuck on the end of his penis. If you want to read about that, pick up the *Ed the Happy Clown* book. To best appreciate *Yummy Fur* you should gather up some back issues, complete stories tend to run for about four issues. Also look for *The Playboy Fur* a new collection of Chet's stuff by Drawn and Quarterly, the Montreal based co., that publishes *Y.F.* (In fact, you can write D. & Q. for a free catalogue: 4550 Boyer St., Montreal, Que., H2Z 3B4).

I enjoyed *Skin Deep*: three tales of overblown drab-mah by **Charles Burns**. After following *Dog Boy* for months in the *Rock* it was nice to revisit the strip pretty much in its entirety. It's the whole EC horror trip

Speaking of female musicians, I recently read *She's a Rebel* (Seal) by Gillian Gaar, a history of women in music. This thick book (close to 500 pages) is promising right from the first profile, "Big Mama" Thornton whose version of "Hound Dog" blew Elvis's to dust. Divided into sections, including "Roots," "Girl Groups," "Hear Me Roar" (with Helen Reddy, Holly Near, Karen Carpenter, cough), "Punk Revolution" and a final "Step into the Future," this book covers a lot of ground. A tad academic for some, *She's a Rebel* is indeed a fairly complete history of Women in Rock & Roll.

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ing *Stone* (a cool Elvis) to a limited edition poster of W.S. Burroughs.

It was only last year that I discovered the *Sandman*. A monthly DC release now up to #46, *Sandman* has also been reprinted in four volumes—*Far*—which go as far as #28. Dream is the main character and he is the creator of our nightmares and thoughts while asleep. It is without a doubt the best comic writing I've encountered; Neil Gaiman, the writer is the next *Clive Barker*. Look for a three part mini-series starring Death (who is actually Dream's rather charmingly big sister) to be released starting this month by Vertigo, the new DC line.

1992 was the year I read all three of **Nancy A. Collins**'s vampire novels; the best is the most recent, *In the Blood*, the sequel to her debut *Sun-Glasses After Dark*. The worst—so awful I couldn't finish it—a rockstar-vampire saga told in *Temper*. Nancy is presently working on a werewolf saga and writing the dialogue for the *Swamp Thing* comic series.

I bought two hardcover signed editions by **Joe R. Lansdale** who writes the most refreshing Southern-tinged horror. I picked up *The Nightrunners* and *Byzantine Hands*. The latter, which includes his best short stories is available in paperback and a soon to be released comic (Tangram).

Among the other scary stuff I read last year was the superb *Under the Fang* (Pocket Books), a collection of tales by members of the Horror Writers of America. I was also able to picture their vision of the world after vampires have taken over. I've yet to read the second release this year, *Frank Show*, which follows an evil traveling circus.

1992 was the year in which some publishers actually sent me review copies! One group in particular, Comixbooks, sent me quite a few releases and their books are worth seeking out. *The Opium Eater* and *Other Stories* by Lalal Ahmed is a swell group of short stories taking place both in Pakistan and Canada.

Subject matter ranges from the love a worker has for his bicycle, to a mystical tale of a cobra, and a newsworthy couple with a problem. I've just begun *Hellman's Scrapbook* by Robert Majzels, a bizarre novel which fea-

ture the scrapbook diary of a man under observation in a mental institution after he tried to set himself on fire. Needless to say, it's fairly intense. 1992 saw the *Mondo/2000* comic publisher's first book, *Altus's Guide to the New Edge* (HarperCollins); the book is magazine sized and very slick. This is a mix of previously published and new material. *Mondo 2000*, the magazine, comes out four times a year for just under seven dollars. The *Mondo* team alternately annoy and fascinate me: *The User's Guide* has some interesting material and is a great starting point for modern counterculture enthusiasts to jump in, yet most everyone involved just seem a bit too newb for their own good. Most the new ones... same as the old boys?

Exene Cervenka

The Reading Railroad is organized by author/hard Rock Miner, Michael Turner. Last year Michael's first book of prose *Company Town* was released by local publisher Arsenal/Pulp Press. His new creation, *Reading Railroad*, the fictional story of a legendary Vancouver punk band—will be available this spring. The festivities at the Railway kick off at 9:30 with the cover charge kept at a minimum. It's about time an ongoing ambitious book/music project like this rolled into town... support it.

Harvey Pekar is a king in the land of autobiographical comics. He was among the first to lay his life out in black and white little squares for all to see. His *Life in the Modern City* comic documents his work as a hospital employee and features tales of his everyday life and memories. He writes the stories and has various artists draw them (the last issue published was #16, Nov '91).

Harvey Pekar has cancer. He is irremediably pessimistic and being American, has some pretty hospital bills to pay. Subtext is organizing a benefit to raise money to help. The place is the SSMASJ Gallery of Modern Art (160 W. Condo), the date Saturday, January 23 at 10 PM. There will be comics for sale, entertainment and real live refreshments. All proceeds will be sent to Harvey.

Mark Monday, January 18 on your calendar as the premiere of the Read-

ing Railroad series at, where else, the Railway Club (Dunsmuir @ Seymour). Every third month will feature three writers reading their work. This will be followed by a solo performance by local musicians.

The headline for the first evening is Evelyn Lau (*Oedipal Dream*). *Reading Railroad* is her new book of poems). Future writers may include Mervyn Cadell (does the "Sweater Song" ring a bell?), Judy Radall, Dave Bidini (from the Rheotastics), Exene Cervenka (ex of X), La Loea (featured in the very first issue), David G. Gutwrenchingly wonderful poetry from Hollywood, Rivehead (from Detroit), Clifton Joseph (slub tip), a bit), Lady Toronto, Daniel Richter (have you seen *Imprint*, his lit show, on the Knowledge Network?), Musical guests slated to appear include Harold Nim, John Heston and Art Bergmann.

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What People Are Reading

Ever wonder what people are reading? I do. **David Ostrem**, one heckuva great artist, took the time to write and tell subtext.

I just finished reading *The Tin Drum* by Gunter Grass. I don't know what next but it will probably be something American like Steinbeck or Faulkner. I don't have a lot of time for reading but I always have a novel going and it's always a modern classic from the nineteenth or twentieth century. About six years ago I discovered that good reading helped me organize my own mind which is important in my profession (artist) because, as I'm sure you've heard your artist type friends say, "I have like, all these ideas and it's not so easy to sort them out."

To keep things interesting, I also have a strategy for jumping from country to country and from era to era. I'll go from a Dostoevsky, to a Sartre, to a Miller, to an English guy like Forster. I might mix in the odd hard time, like *Gulag* with a guilty pleasure like Graham Greene. Of course this kind of skipping around can be difficult but it can also be good mental exercise.

The other big reason for reading, for me, is because of the importance of words in my pictures. It's important that I

carefully study uses and effects of language from as many viewpoints as possible.

This word and picture stuff comes from my childhood as a comic book reader in Portland, Oregon in the fifties. I still take a keen interest in comics, especially those which evolved from the Zaps and other undergrounds from San Francisco. I often wonder if some of these cartoonists aren't the best artists. In fact, there is very little gallery art that I respect as much as the work of R. Crumb, S. Clay Wilson, Kim Deitch, Justin Green, and relative newcomers like Charles Burns. Kaz, and Drew Friedman.

Humor is important in my work so all this comic reading is very beneficial. My greatest inspiration in this field is the incomparable *Krazy and Ignatz* by George Harriman. I am fascinated by his art. He combines humor, tragedy, color, freedom, pain, and beauty, and I am always trying to do the same thing myself.

For news I'm TV, the Sun, and the *New York Times*. The *Sun* is for real news, scores, movies, and murder news; the *Times* is for real news, sorry, *Globe*. I would pick up the *Province*

for the *Far Side* and the "Smile of the Day" but there gets to be too many papers to throw away.

For poetry, I'm a Ginsberg greats of the fifties, *Howl*, *Kaddish*, and *Reality Sandwiches*, and Ferlinghetti's *Coney Island of the Mind*.

Last and least, I recently picked up a bunch of magazines at a great little store in New York called See Hear (50 E. 7th, 100E). I don't know what they call the store, maybe "Magazine Nip" or "Negative Selection," but they are represented by such titles as *Answer Me*, *Bad Seed*, *Gore Gazette*, *Murder Can Be Fun*, *Snail Peddler*, *Ungawa*, and *Penny Line Fever*. Their interests seem to lie in many dark things like B movies, trashy magazines and paperback books of fifties and sixties, S and M, dead people and murderers, especially murderers, and especially mass murderers. The big favorite seems to be Ed Gein, close behind is the Chayles, Starkweather and Richard Speck. They are really, really negative, and kind of fun. Together with a pack of mass murderer trading cards, they make quite a package.

Other than that, I don't mess with too many magazines, except *The Betsy Pages* and *The Betsy Pages Annual*. And *Inset* Paula Klau.

What kind of popular culture do you expose yourself to?
 "Literature, Periodicals, Mr. Bubble, MTV," but only if there are guys in tight pants. Camille Paglia

The Flaming Lips took the stage around midnight. As the lights dimmed and the dry ice swirled and the strobes started flashing, dozens of hands could be seen rising to insert earplugs.

by Shawn Conner

111

WAVES

57100

THE GAMING GIBS

cost so much.



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Molo's Top Ten New Year's Resolutions For Disaffected Youth

1. Not to call my band "super" anything.
2. To not have to attend seven-entrees or disco theme parties, ever.
3. To avoid spray bomb dye jobs.
4. To dance with a member of the opposite sex, for real.
5. To realize that 90% of cheerhats bands are just rehashes of '70's hard rock bands.
6. Not to buy my flannel at Club Monaco.
7. Not to use the words "funk" and "metal" in the same sentence.
8. To admit that 99% of foxcore bands suck (L7 being the exception, of course).
10. Not to crib lines from the *Ren and Stimpy* show

cup Top Ten

1. Candy
2. Shonen Knife
3. Sit-down guitar playing
4. New York City
5. Jean Smith
6. "Hello Kitty" amp sticker
7. The Sun
8. Cheeto's Paws
9. Nicholas Bragg
10. The Virgin Mary (glow-in-the-dark version)

Jeff Gray's Top Ten List For '92 (Blood On The Saddle 1:15-3:00PM Tues.)

- Neil Young's live solo acoustic performance at Washington Winery.
- Jr. Gone Wild at Bumbershoot.
- Neil Young's *Harvest Moon*.
- Jr. Gone Wild's *Pull the Coalie*.
- Jimmy Roy's 5 Star Hillbillies live on *Blood On The Saddle*.
- Bad Livin's *Delusions of Banter*.
- 24 hours of *Bakersfield Vol.3* (Various).
- Morikrye Ranch's *Next to Nothing*.
- Hard Rock Miners' *The Final Frontier*.
- Ranch Romance' *Blue Blazes*.



10 Things I Will Have A Hard Time Forgetting About '92 (Bill Mullen)

1. The L.A. Riots: Live television at its most compelling and (unfortunately) real. The weird part is how surprised so many people were. Hadn't they ever heard *NWA*?
2. *Slacker* (the movie): The odd and strangely hallucinatory realization that the life I'm living is a weird, kinda depressing, low-budget 16mm film from Texas (or something like that).
3. My Bloody Valentine live at the Commodore: The most powerful live sound I've ever heard. Not so much loud as awe inspiring. If I were these guys, I'd be worried about the Pentagon taking too much interest.
4. a) Ministry at Lollapalooza: The Mosh pit, a dangerous and savage place to be. Well worth the price of admission... b) Ministry at Lollapalooza: Leaving the mosh pit during the part of "Squidman" where Jourgensen screams "the only truth I know is the look in your eyes..." and when I look in people's eyes all I can see is the stunned dead stares of human cattle. Scary moment. A bad acid vision. Too true.
5. *Malcolm X* (the movie): A true epic. The white man is the devil.
7. Sonic Youth (live at the PNE): Not the whole set (it was actually kind of disappointing) but it did end well. Having the sun set during the final track of "Sugar Canes" was a nice touch. God still does the best light show.
8. Ecstasy (the drug) Did it twice in '92. The first time - a big speedy disappointment. Digital Soma for the DEAD generation. The second time though...1971?.. Fuck denial. It was beautiful...true, ecstatic, infinite mirth...for a few hours anyway.
9. *Reservoir Dogs* (the movie): The torture scene in particular. CUGH!!
10. Noise day (the radio show): 24 hours of non-stop so-called noise so-called audio art so call it what you want. It was fun. It was weird. It did some serious damage to normal. Time well spent both as a listener and a contributor. We'll have to do it again in '93. Maybe for a week.

DJ Jimm-Jigg-Ez Knickie Head Top 10 Grooves Ov '92

- 1) Human Resource - "Dominator"
- 2) LA Style - "James Brown is Dead"
- 3) Way tie: Perfume Tree - "Dreaming" Opus 1 - "It's A Fine Day" & The Orb - "Little Fluffy Clouds"
- 4) Eon - "Spice"
- 5) the Dylans - the Dylans
- 6) Beastie Boys - *Check Your Head*
- 7) Nirvana - *Nevermind*
- 8) Lush - "Nothing Natural"
- 9) Blur - "She's So High"
- 10) Catherine Wheel - "Black Metallic"

David Wisdom's Top Ten For '92 (Nightlines, CBC Radio 11:00PM-4:00AM Fri. and Sat.)

1. My personal family
2. Kronos Quartet - *Pieces of Africa*
3. PJ Harvey - *Dry*
4. All those Olympic Games
5. The Fall - "Ed's Babe"
6. Rheostatics - *Whale Music*
7. Sugar - the album not the concert
8. Robin Holcomb - *Rockabye*
9. Maurice Pooey - *Song of The Freedom Bird*
10. Rodney Graham - *Verwandlungsmusik*

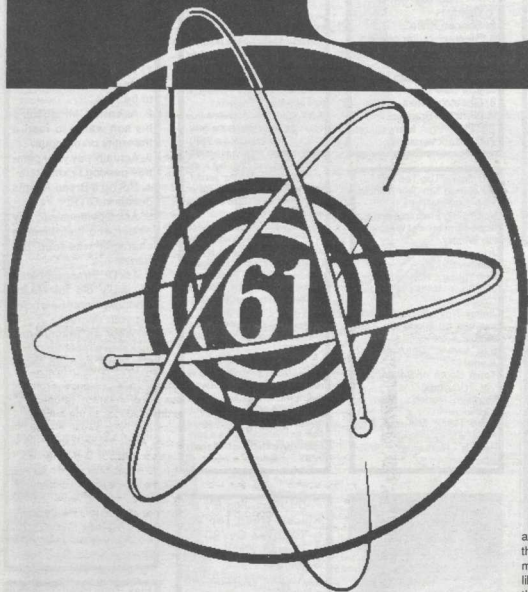
The Out For Kicks Top Ten List Of Controversial Things To Do For Laughs (6:00-7:30PM Thurs.)

1. Ask any one of your profs what they wanted to be.
2. Ask an RCMP officer if his son wants to rush a fraternity on campus.
3. Actually put your campus parking ticket.
4. Put up a Bryan Adams poster in CTR.
5. Ask a campus security officer who their favorite character was from *Bonanza*.
6. Ask Dr. Strangway what he really did for NASA ("Bonus points if he is holding your degree").
7. Wear an Engineering jacket to a meeting of the Gay and Lesbian Society.
8. Dress all in black and hang out in the bushes around Panhellenic Building on a Wednesday night.
9. Submit a well written, well researched, intelligible article which positively concerns more than 0.0016% of students to the *Ubcyssey*.
10. Ask a Pitt bouncer how to spell steroids.

Flex Your Head Top Ten Releases of '92 (3:00-5:00PM Wed.)

- Integrity - *Les 120 Journées De Sodome*
- Leafcutter - *Compact + Big*
- Monsula - *Sanitized*
- The Offspring - *Ignition*
- Outspoken - *A Light In The Dark*
- Pantera - *Vulgar Display of Power*
- Sawhorse 7 - *Sawhorse 7*
- Seaweed - *Weak*
- Sparkmarker - *jiffy 7*
- Struggle 7 - *Struggle 7*

ATOMIC 61



BY MINDY
ABRAMOWITZ

Perhaps to some the name Atomic 61 brings to mind periodic tables and early Cold War explosives, but try not to confuse the four members of the band with nuclear physicists. Their name is actually derived from a 1961 dual port carburetor — “a neat souped-up carburetor.” If ever there were an invitation to launch into comparisons between the powerful rumble of a well-tuned machine and its analogues in the world of bass....

But Atomic 61 tries not to model themselves after cheap clichés. Take Seattle, for example. For a while, Todd, Trevor, Phil and Brendan called the Supersonic City their home. Yet, they describe themselves as firm believers in regular haircuts and other conventional forms of personal hygiene; their capacity for alcohol consumption also falls considerably short of records held by incoherent members of the Seattle musical canon.

“We don’t really associate ourselves with the stuff the media makes Seattle famous for,” says Trevor. “We like to play live, that’s our thing. We don’t play that much in Seattle because we don’t really enjoy playing Seattle clubs.”

“Everyone around there doesn’t like us ‘cause we’re way too loud,” Todd adds. Indeed, they are loud and have since relocated, at least temporarily, to Portland.

In the past, Atomic 61 has linked themselves with the likes of Cop Shoot Cop, Steel Pole Bath tub (the guy makes his guitar whiny like a horse), and other adherents to the noise-mongering

tradition. December 1991 they appeared in Vancouver, at the Cruel Elephant, with Steel Pole Bath tub as part of a short tour. At the time their line-up consisted of Todd Morey and Trevor Lutzenhiser, the founding members, Lisa Smith, of former Dickless glory, and Elizabeth Davis who later played with 7 Year Bitch. They went on to record a 7” entitled “Rip” for Sympathy for the Record Industry and the 10”, *Heartworm*, on Box Dog Sound with Elizabeth and Lisa.

The two women left the band shortly thereafter “on mutual terms” to follow their own musical instincts. Todd and Trevor scoured Seattle for musicians of serviceable

ability until, finally, they struck upon their current bassist and drummer. Phil, the drummer, comes from Portland, while they had to import Brendan from Salt Lake City.

“In the end, we never did find anyone in Seattle who could play their instruments.”

Since the addition of Phil and Brendan, Atomic 61 has been on a roll. This past summer they embarked on a 100-day-long tour of the States during which they played approximately 80 to 85 shows and visited almost every major American city and some minor ones as well. I can only wonder about the kind of reception they got in Normal, Illinois.

Todd does all of the graphic art on Atomic 61 paraphernalia. At one point he made a poster in which a puppy and a kitten are pictured together with the heading "Buster and Tiffany couldn't wait to see Atomic 61." A second photo of the two animals corresponds to the dry caption, "Now they are dead."

An earnest passer-by was moved to write "Why does Atomic 61 have to trivialize everything?" on one of them. Before leaving on tour, in an attempt to elicit further reactions, Todd expanded his artistic horizons into the realm of graffiti.

"Yeah, I just cut a stencil for the first time for spray paint. There's gonna be Atomic 61 graffiti all around Seattle now. We've done posters and stickers, now we're graduating to paint to do some serious vandalism."

But the heavy common sense doesn't stop there. Just prior to leaving for their tour, the band entertained an offer from a German record label to record a full-length CD for release in Europe and domestically. Upon returning home, Atomic 61 immediately initiated phase two of their bombardment; they held a record release party in Olympia for their yuletide 7" "White Christmas"/"Blue Christmas" (Sympathy for the Record Industry) at the beginning of December. In January, Beechwood Music Ltd. will is-

sue its British compilation of American independent bands on which Atomic 61 will be featured among other such misfit luminaries as The Jon Spencer Blues Explosion, Mudwimmin, Mule and Royal Trux. The CD, entitled *The End of the Road*, will include the song "Rip" from the band's 7" from April of 1992. At the time of the compilation's release, Atomic 61 will be back in the studio, this time Sound House in Seattle, recording their first album for Intellectual Convulsion in Paris. Projected plans include a 7" on Portland's Cavity Search Records and another with Easy Eye of New Jersey on the streets of New York.

Epp, a band that depicts itself as pariahs of the Seattle Establishment, Atomic 61 sure is getting its share of attention. Maybe the band stays ahead of the game by switching labels like "Discord" writers switch pseudonyms. They're prolific and will make their music available by whatever means are necessary, hence their scattered discography.

"We've got seeds and seeds of new material. Everything we've already released is getting really stale to us. To a lot of audiences it's still new, but to us it's just getting old. We haven't really gotten a big enough slice of anything to stick with one label. Our attitude is that we have a ton of music that we like, the more that gets out

there, the better. And maybe someone will buy it and like it, so for that we just keep touring forever. There none of us will have to go get jobs 'cause that's what we're really interested in."

In fact, only one member of Atomic 61 works. Both Todd and Trevor have been devoting their energies to the band on a full-time basis since Christmas 1991. While Todd does the graphics, Trevor works at setting up shows. He organized the tour and booked most of their gigs. Along the way Atomic 61 has managed to deal with a variety of interesting personalities. Jeff Smith, who runs Box Dog Sound (on which *Heartworm* was released), is a friend of theirs and might also be known by some as Jo Smitty; he played in Mr. Epp and the Calculations in the early eighties. Since then he's been doing work with video and magazine and a few months ago put out a warmly received Melvins video.

Another of their benefactors/producers is the owner of Sympathy for the Record Industry. After hearing Atomic 61 in San Francisco and liking them, he established correspondence with the band and maintained it until they recorded a 7" for him. Simple as that.

Even the origins of Atomic 61 reflect the ease with which they move from one project to the next: "About two years ago we got an offer from New York

to put out some vinyl for a band that we were in four years ago. We just decided that we wanted to do it enough again to do something better, so we started trying to form Atomic 61. We had the pleasure of working with Steel Pole Bath tub in San Francisco. They helped us by loaning us their rhythm section for a single in New York. It took us a while, but after a bit we started playing with Lisa and Elizabeth. We started to have a little bit of success doing what we wanted to do, instead of just looking for people who could play their instruments."

Their "coming-out" effort as Atomic 61 was a little-known 7" on Baylor Records in New York. Nevertheless, it re-introduced them to the world of bands and record labels and provided them with the means to continue their development as a band.

"The piece of vinyl itself sounds like total shit. We weren't very happy with that, but it was the first thing that we had put out on vinyl. It was a start. The graphics turned out neat."

To date, *Heartworm* stands out as the culmination of Atomic 61's recorded work. It consists of six songs interspersed with hilarious clips culled from extensive television and video viewing. The song "Haywire," for example, is sandwiched between selections from



BY MICHAEL ANDEEL

ATOMIC 61

BOX 1

a porn show with a message. A woman sighs, "They tried to give me the real love that I needed, but I knew deep down inside that they really wanted me sexually. So, they couldn't give me the real love that I wanted, I want you to love me we had put out on vinyl. It was a start. The graphics turned out neat."

—David and Greg: "Next thing you know you're listening to a visceral tribute to lust. Just as the song winds down, the woman pipes up again: 'Of course we'll do it, honey, and you can stay here. It's better to have love based on sexual attraction than no love at all.'"

Another song begins with a plea from a televangelist for anyone in need of a Bible to simply call him and confess. The fast-paced song that follows chronicles a woman's escape from an abusive boyfriend: fleeing to Wall Drug and contemplating her fate in a local restaurant.

While their lyrics and music reflect some serious existential angst, Atomic 61 likes to juxtapose the intensity of their songs with "perfect non-sequiters" that bear testimony to "the spastic world" that they perceive. Do they worry about being misunderstood and taken too seriously? Yup.

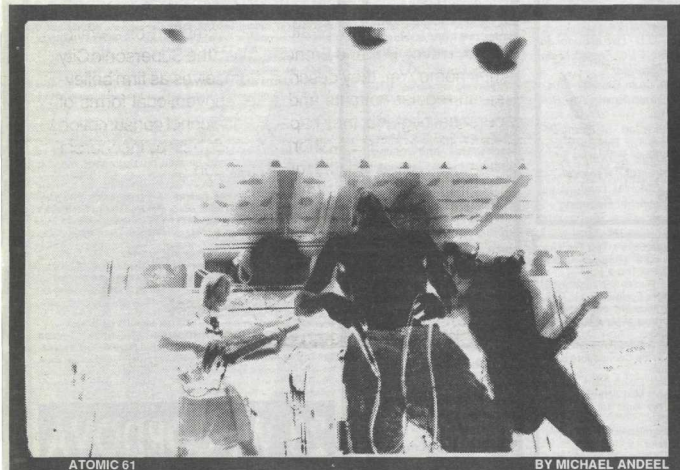
"I think people think that we're really serious a lot of times. They take what we say on their own terms—in terms of themselves. They think that all this stuff is totally deadly serious. It fucks their lives up and they've got to sit down with their moms, or something, and talk really seriously about it. We walk around the world and all these people are freaked out inside their own heads and we don't know what the hell they're doing or why they're doing it. The only thing we feel we can do in our music is express that and how we feel about it. Most of it really cracks us up. We want to inject a little bit of humor into things—*Heartworm* is little more on the light side.

The one thing that people can't handle about us is that when we're playing music really hard, or when I'm screaming my head off about something, we're being really serious. All the stuff that I sing about in my lyrics... I'm totally, deathly, ice-cold serious. A lot of people don't like that just because it's hard for them to handle. At the same time, we're having a good time being alive in the world. One of the reasons that people associate us with the hardcore movement is that we do feel very strongly. That's not necessarily something you find in pop music or regular rock. It's particular to hardcore—or at least it was. Before that, it was coming out of the stuff that was being recorded and performed in the late sixties."

Lisa, Atomic 61, and especially Todd, have an intense Rollinsesque presence. From the bare-chested, tattooed, shorts-clad look to the bulging veins and flying sweat, they've got the Angry-Young-Man-With-A-Lesson-About-Self-Esteem style down pat. Songs about suicide, the urgency of life, conformity and other related themes confirm their allegiance to the didactic hardcore crusade. Clean living and a good attitude are what it's all about.

Many may recall the memorable show last December at which Atomic 61 and Steel Pole Bath tub wowed the usually staid audience at the Cruel Elephant. This past summer they were scheduled to return to Vancouver to headline at the Elephant, but the recent changes in border-crossing procedures forced them to cancel. The decision they could make was Bellingham. Some of you may remember going to watch them in July only to discover that little fact. Unfortunately, they neglected to inform the management at the Cruel Elephant.

That's how punk Atomic 61 is.



ATOMIC 61

BY MICHAEL ANDEEL

1. (HUMAN) grapefruit juice. 2. (HUMAN) grapefruit juice. 3. (HUMAN) grapefruit juice.

Terry and Johns Amazing Top 10 List For '92 (Groove Jumping 10:00PM-1:00AM Sat.)

1. The Hyundai Soupe is available in Turbo.
2. We held a contest in the summer, win a date with Terry and John, and actually had people enter our contest.
3. Burquillam - Need I say more.
4. Screaching Weasel releases a new LP *My Brain Hurts*. It's only 30 minutes long but it's 30 minutes well spent.
5. We managed to keep our day jobs for another year. (not that we really wanted to).
6. 16 years later we finally went to see the Ramones at the Commodore. (Best concert of '92.)
7. *Growing Pains* season finale. We'll miss you Alan Thicke.
8. Groove Jumping is voted as CiTR's best show ever.
9. *Terminator 2* (Fave movie: yeah, okay, so we're not cultured, fuck you!)
10. Things in general.

Grant Lawrence's Top Ten International '7s of 1992

1. Girl Trouble/A-Bones split
- 7 (Cruddy)
2. Pooh Sticks "Young People" (Sweet Virginia)
3. Bum "Promise is a Promise" (Lance Rock)
4. Bum "Debbiespeaks" (Lance Rock)
5. Best Happening "Sea Hunt" (Bi-Jooper)
6. Shi Birds "Theme From A Shi Bird" (Pop/Lama)
7. Pooh Sticks "The World is Turning On" (Sweet Virginia)
8. Uncle Tupelo "Gun" (Rockville)
9. Pooh Sticks picture disc (Sympathy)
10. Gas Huffer "Hotcakes" (Sub-Pop)

Steve Edge's Top Ten List For '92

1. Barley Works at The Rogue in July.
2. Manchester United winning the league cup.
3. Jiggery Pokery's gig at The Islands Folk Fest.
4. Alias Ron Kavana in Edmonton.
5. Bush getting his butt kicked.
6. After Hours - Hung Up and Dry
7. Four Men and a Dog.
8. Tempest modelling "Edge On Folk" t-shirts.
9. Spain's La Musgana.
10. Martin Simpson at CiTR in October.

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TOWN PUMP

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the cruel elephant
the only alternative nightclub

you know, the cruel elephant is now in its third year of operation and it has nestled into a role of the alternative nightclub. It's not only place where you can go and consistently see something that challenges preconceived notions of what music is or should be in Vancouver. never should this attitude change to bringings you, the patron, the best possible in the alternative out from around the world and we do mean "from around the world", at the same time we're doing our best to have the finest in local talent show their stuff. the problem is with the truly stupid, those who don't have the mental capacity to understand when the line had been crossed into the world of senselessness, a mother that did too many experimental drugs during pregnancy or just a socially inept person looking for love and respect in entirely the wrong fashion. these people don't understand that the music is an outlet for healthy commentary and dancing. It is not an opportunity to cause pain but an opportunity to do just the opposite... a fun pleasure, that sort of thing. if you cause damage while over at a friend's house, you wouldn't be too surprised if that friend didn't want to see you there, this deduction doesn't take a genius to figure out. i think jello bialas did it best in the song "naaz punkz fuck all" when he said "think you're cool when you trash our halls, trash a bank is you've got real balls" although the 1% of people that this is directed at probably won't [or can't] read this, but remember there is no such thing as a victimless crime, just walking by and ignoring an unsavory situation makes you as guilty as the criminal. ok, that's all my chest. let's dance!!!

18 THE "CINWORKS" independent filmmaker's society are having a showing off event with musical guests **MOVIELAND**, **THE HOLLOMHEADS** and **MOTORCY CLUB** plus guests, and with four 6 point films!!! come early for the flicks sat 9 a cassette release party with **THE GRAMES BROTHERS** tues 22 still 51 THAT CRAZY DISCO STUFF BOOGIE ALL NIGHT! THURS wed 23 a punk rock christmas party for the FOOD BANK! featuring **TEN FEET TALL**, **MAN**, **THE BOMBHELLS**, **FACES MYND** THURS 24/FRI 25 CLOSED FOR THE HOLLERDAZE sat 26 a special evening with **THE BUGHOUSE FIVE** with **NICK CHURCHNESS** AND **THE DROP DOLLS** tues 29 IS THIS THE LAST OF THE DISCO ADVENTURE? HELL NO!!! wed 30 DIG THIS! all the way from australia, exuberated good/sex-deadless in the way too cool **MONROE FUR** / sun fri sat **SKIN AND BONES** w/ Vancouver's newest official indie band **PLAYHOUSE**... NEW YEARS EVE SHOW!!! EATING MYSTERY MACHINE • TWOROCKS • CHROME DOG • THE PASTIES advance tickets only 48 !!!... JANUARY 1993 PER CRYIN' OUT LOUD!!!... sat 1 for obvious reasons 2 sat 3 rock bands rule supreme **16 TALL GARDEN** w/ MY BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN w/ PLANET OF SPIDERS w/ guests tues 5 MORE OF THAT '70S DISCO COVER BS? DRINK SPECIALS ALL NIGHT! thurs 7 TBA fri 8 carcity/boner recording artists, Vancouver's own **SUPERCONDUCTOR** w/ ex/long in **STAR PIMP** w/ Calgary's **WEDGE** sat 9 portland's purveyors of fine high-energy funk'n' roll **SWEATY NIPPLES** w/ special guests tues 12 DISCO RAMA ONLY \$2, WELL WORTH THE PUNISHMENT wed 13 local music show "SOUNDPROOF" live filming of some of Vancouver's finest bands this month including **THE LUDWIGS** w/ **PHIL SMITH** AND **PRIMITIVE ROAD** w/ **ROTORCLOUD** thurs 14 TBA fri 15 Vancouver's own 6 copyright plus special guests sat 16 this falls under the category of "and now for something completely different", a "cross between nirvana/soundgarden and ornate collage" and a "nonstop barrage of noise, rhythm and swing", featuring Seattle's wayne hartz, ex- of john zorn's avant-garde supergroup **NAKED CITY**, in **PIG PEN** plus very special guests as yet to be confirmed **TUES 19 DISCO TELL THE SUN COMES UP**, WELL TELL 2AM ANIMASHOW CHEAP CHEAP CHEAP wed 20 an evening of rock music that is reshaping the way people look at the words "rock'n'roll": **SINNERS SQUAD** w/ **TASTE** w/ California's **HOODLUM EMPIRE** and **ELEPHANTS CHILD** (no relation) thurs 21 funk punk disco and some of Seattle's **HUNGRIE CROCODILES** w/ **SPECIAL GUESTS** fri 22 we transform the dirt 'crant into a four-charge garage with the likes of local heroes, popluma recording artists **THE SNAUGOLERS**, Calgary's "best instrumental band in Canada" get hungry with **HUEVOY RANCHEROS** w/ victrola's 1st of the world's best pop punk band **BUM** sat 23 Vancouver's own psychobilly nutcases, bring your dancin' shoes for **THE RATTLED ROOSTERS** w/ special guests tues 26 SILENCE OF THE HITS OF THE '70'S AND I DON'T MEAN ZEP, I MEAN ABBA, PARLIAMENT, THE BEE GEES, K.C. AND THE SUNSHINE BAND, SYLVESTER AND MORE wed 27 TBA thurs 28 an evening of beerlovers in **THE MONKS OF DOOM** w/ c recording artists **THE DIET FISHERMEN** w/ guests fri 29 TBA sat 30 c/ recording superstars in a great band called **FLOP** w/ **THE SWEATERS** w/ **THE WANT** w/ guests... that's all the rock music for now, check the club line for the cast and times, all shows subject to indicate necessary changes as the wind blows and we love all of you, no matter how stupid you are. amen.

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Gerald's Top Ten Released of '92 (Powerchord 12:15-3:00PM Sat.)

1. Trouble - Trouble
2. Black Sabbath - Dehumanizer
3. S.O.D. - Live at Budokan
4. Pro-Pain - Fouled Tastes Of Freedom
5. Alice In Chains - Dirt
6. Death Row - Life Beyond
7. Skyclad - A Burnt Offering For The Borne Idol
8. King's X - King's X
9. Kreator - Renewal
10. Suicidal Tendencies - The Art of Rebellion

Justin Love's Top Ten List For '92 (Popgun 1:00-3:00PM Thurs.)

1. Boo Radley's Everything's Alright Forever. Permanent ear damage courtesy of My Bloody Valentine.
2. Beastie Boys/Fu-Schickens gig at the Commodore Ballroom.
3. Ridd's Going Blank Again. Lush's Miki Berenyi's hand on my knee for two seconds.
4. Being mistaken for Seinfeld's Kramer.
5. Spiritualized's Lazer Guided Melodies.
6. Oatmeal in the morning.
7. Mom.
8. CiTR 101.9 on your fm dial!

Garn's Top 10 For '92 (Boxer Short Boyz 7:00-9:00PM Mon.)

1. Getting hustled away from the front of Hunter S. Thompson's house in Woody Creek, CO.
2. Having an arrest-free year.
3. Going to see Joan Jett with Guido at the Moustache Hall and having Guido mutter all night "Jesus."
4. Being cub's driver/road manager/roomie/tour guide/drummer-with-a-broken-finger at the Woodward Music Festival in Calgary.
5. The Schnitzel Palace Film Festival.
6. Having a motorcycle that makes those bikes outside of Starbuck's look like shit.
7. The fact that no one punched me in the head this year.
8. The sisters Marr.
9. Sacha at Topanga.
10. My rockin' mom

APP MAN

BY TRIP



Optimism. Blatant optimism. So much optimism I almost had a fit. But Optimism is what Happy Man exerts. But believe it or not, the name of the band has nothing to do with the attitude. After all, why would a band want to name itself after a superhero that everyone, good and evil, would want to kick the teeth of? "A name's a name, it doesn't mean anything," says singer Graham Brown. "I mean, Graham is the name. Police mean anything?"

Too true, who would wanna buy something made by cops when stuff that's pumped out by drug-pushers and cop-killers is way more cool? "And look at the Beatles," adds drummer Mark Gruff, "dumb name, great band. What matters is the talent obviously."

Happy Man is four guys: Graham Brown (guitar and vocals), Jay Homenchik (drums), Mark Gibbs (bass and vocals) and Mark Gruff (forementioned drummer). These four guys are totally independent: their record company, Storey, is Jay and Graham's alone; everything is done by them and close friends including the graphics on their CD, *Born to Entertain*; their upcoming videos are done by more close friends; and all their finances, like most other indie bands, comes out of their own wallets. There's no feeling of stress or resentment "However, I would like to throw my boss out of the window," Jay says with a reflective smile.

The usual dumb question of any deep messages lurking in their music was responded to pretty quickly with "Well, yeah, what'sa think?" answers. "If you read the lyrics (he didn't say 'dummy' although I could sense he might) they're pretty socially conscious and provoking" says Graham. The problem, you don't expect a band with the title name of Happy Man to invoke social consciousness. You kinda expect songs about getting drunk, sunny days, and well... getting drunk.

Jay, the cofounder of the group, met Graham after returning from England wherein a series of previously formed bands, including Brilliant Orange, had broken up. Through a mutual acquaintance, they met eye to eye at that charming bastion of British Imperialism and terminally shitty wallpaper, the Rose and Thom, aka the RaT. "I liked Jay, we got along great immediately. However, I must add, I liked his girlfriend even more." Jay replied to this with a grunt. I tried to press the issue to get more of a less-subdued reaction, but they didn't feel like talking about it. After the initial meeting, they heard about a bass guitarist and a drummer both named Mark (no relation), someone came up with the droll name of Happy Man, and a new local indie band was created out of the froth of the beer taps at the RaT.

Another way Happy Man was created, according to an extremely profound outburst of articulate by Graham, was "O.K., you have an intersection, four ways, and you have four cars heading for it at the same time. In one car in one lane you have Jimi Hendrix. The second car is driven by Bob Dylan. The third car contains Lou Reed. The

fourth is being driven by B.B. King. They all collide in the middle and what comes out is Happy Man." Yes, when I form a band I'm going to compare it to wreckage of a four-car pile-up. Hopefully, the sheer destruction of such a spectacle will force people to slow down and take appreciation.

The music itself is light and toe-tappingly pop-like, considering the title of music Graham is into. "Facepupper, Facepupper's good. I went to a Lou Reed concert and it brought tears to my girlfriend's eyes." I added that I once saw another local indie band, Shine, wear Happy Man t-shirts. "Oh? Shine's good! Shine!" Regarding their own music, "It's good music," explains Graham, "my mother liked it. Out of all the bands I've been in, my mother likes this one." (I can imagine one of the quotations on a future album, "Graham's mom liked this one.")

We all had difficulty in actually labelling the brand of music they play, was it alternative? Alternative to what? said Mark the drummer. Graham emphasizes, "It's good music. We're a good band, that's all there is to it." But do they fit into a definitive Vancouver sound? "There's no cliché," says Jay,



Photo by Gary Prytula

"It's all the same six chords." "It's the same in Seattle," adds Graham, "there's no definite city sound. There's plenty of other types of music aside from cheese."

Happy Man is one of the luckier local bands because they get a lot of air play from Coast 1040, probably attributable to their pop-sound. "Like I said before, it's good music. It's not all that thrash or blues, but," he also adds, "if you want us to rip your face off or get you really mellow, we will." (Somehow, I just don't expect a band with the moniker of Happy Man to do a Helmet cover.) Still, some of the band's popularity is beyond anyone's understanding (Canadian Content rules). "I have no idea why 1040 is playing our music," says Jay. "Maybe they like us?"

"We owe a lot to college radio," says Jay, "but it's kinda hypocritical." With this Graham and Mark the drummer took the offensive (unfortunately, against me, an eager young elementary-heart cheated space cadet): "We understand you [college radio] play bands that need to be exposed, but what happens when they've made it?" asked Mark. They pointed out examples like

the obvious ones. "When's the last time CTR played U2?" asked Jay. "1982?" Actually, it was probably 1984 but I really don't know so I really had difficulties arguing the point.

However, that friction didn't last long. It's been said (in *Disorder*) that Graham and Jay are two of the best singers in Vancouver, or something along those lines. I was pretty surprised to find out that they thought it was silly. "I was kind of disappointed because the saxophone wasn't mentioned," added Graham. I was cool to find out that they didn't have inflated egos. I really didn't feel like interviewing a bunch of jerks that evening and I didn't.

Happy Man and I somehow started to talk about commercialized, big-time, mainstream, multi-million dollar, white-slave trading, Lee Locaccia namebrand music. "There's a big difference between marketing yourself as an image and being an actual performer," says Jay.

"For example Madonna is a great seller of herself [and how] but lets not mention her singing and music," says Mark. "In big business, controversy sells, just

served some slapping. (Actually, I was kinda disappointed about that.) One of the weirdest things that I noticed when talking to these guys is that, well... they're normal. There's no raving psycho thing like I from Oliver and there's no drug problem (or so I'm told). Happy Man is just a bunch of guys who enjoy what they do, play good music, entertain crowds, and do things that they do on their own expense. What more could any band ask for? (O.K., the bazillion dollar, the cars, the harems, etc. etc.)

But even without massive cocaine, Happy Man seems to be perpetually uplifting in attitude, it not lyrics. They get that type of sound that goes great in a local venue and come January, they go on a tour of this great country of ours.

The band is not even close to being a year old so when I asked if anything that constituted their philosophy of life was any shape or size occurred, I was out of luck. They're just too young. The most recent thing that qualifies as a dilemma is their ponderance of "which one of those buttons on the pop dispensing machine gives out Miller High-Lite? It ate my change." [In reference to Mel CTR's/Disorder's beer machine.] Profound, utterly profound. Anyway, even if something bad did happen, they probably didn't tell me 'cuz, well, it's really none of my business.

With Happy Man, catch-all phrases like "peace" and "love" were being sported around, so it's really hard to be critical about a band like this. Happy? No, just realistic. You can't go through life thinking unhappy thoughts and thinking there's no hope. If that's the case, you might as well take a swan dive off of the Granville St. Bridge (helluva post-card, there!). There's no point in getting depressed about everything. You just gotta stay above all that," says Graham. It's nice to hear a band that believes life isn't totally shit and yet refer to what they perceive as problems that they all face with their music. They just can't offend anyone.

Their CD, *Born to Entertain*, is good: its sound isn't heavy and yet the messages are there. It's kinda difficult to explain, it's... enjoyable. Although I don't think it's clear that intersection analogy has to do with it. If I were to draw an opinion (and my opinions should never be taken too seriously) I'd compare them to other up-and-comingers, Memory Day and definitely Shine.

In summary, the band with the mildly-amusing name is simply that, a band with a mildly amusing name. The name does say it all, despite their problems. If you ever feel like mellowing out after destroying your eardrums from listening to your average thrash-guitar-mosh-til-you-puke grit from Cascatic (the name Republican-Washington B.C. has given the area from Vancouver, B.C. to Portland, Oregon, and I don't care but I don't wanna be in the same regional label as Billy Kwan of *Almost Live*. You know "Mind your own business"?), just listen to Happy Man and veg.

It took place over a casual and quiet dinner of bean burritos: good food, Dave Snalley, Colin Sears and myself. The meal was excellent and the relaxed atmosphere produced an interview that was more of a relaxed conversation than the typical question and answer period which dominates most interviews.

For those readers unfamiliar with these two it's somewhat of an understatement to say both have been very productive members of the hardcore scene. Personally, I've been listening to Dave's music from his beginnings with D.Y.S., a powerful hardcore unit from Boston, in the early '80s. Through the years I followed his path and continued listening when he sang for, what is to some an almost legendary band, Dag Nasty & later, All.

Colin is an ex-Dag Nasty member as well; both Dave and Colin played together on Dag Nasty's first record, *Can I Say*, and more recently on *Four on the Floor*, something the *Can I Say* line-up put together as a fun project. Boston's Alloy, with Vic Bondi on vocals, was Colin's most recent band.

Down By Law—they're back together with an all new line-up, the most powerful version of Down By Law yet, and you could do yourself a favour by checking out both of their records out on the Epitaph label.

Discarder: Dave, you've been doing this hardcore thing for a long time, do you ever question why you are doing it and if you want to continue doing the "punk rock" thing?

Dave: That's a good question, actually. Yes—although I don't question it anymore. I stopped questioning it because I finally answered it. Which is that this is what I really love to do and this is what I believe in. I really believe in alternative music. I believe in how it shaped me and helped me and helped all my friends you, Colin, everybody. And we talked earlier about a community sense, that's been part of my life for the last eleven or twelve years. Even before I was in a band I was into the early stuff in D.C. like the Teen Idles. I really wasn't fully into the "community" sense of hardcore yet. I didn't know all those guys but I still loved it and it still started changing me.

I was going to college last year and still doing Down By Law, but Down By Law was still kind of a project form. It was with different people in different bands and it was a good fun project. We have put out some good stuff and are doing very well for what it is. I didn't want to keep going to school, I just wanted to do my music, I just finally crossed over that bridge and answered all my questions.

DOWN BY LAW

It's a long answer but I decided that's what I'm doing, that's what I'm supposed to do. I think everybody is put here for a purpose in life, and I think that's what I'm supposed to do.

You obviously see yourself doing this for quite some time I'm sure?

Dave: Ya... Colin: Let's not lie and say we're going to be 45 and doing this. Colin: I'm sure I'll still be doing music.

Colin: I don't want to be like the Rolling Stones and be a pitiful example of some kind of... but I'll still be doing music. The Rolling Stones are just a good example of "hang it up."

So you might want to do Down By Law but not necessarily the same style of music forever?

Colin: I'd be psyched if in ten years I was still doing Down By Law. Dave: We're already evolving with the new line-up.

That's totally new because it's nothing like the line up on your newest record. How did that come around?

Colin: Like Dave was saying earlier, just graduated from undergrad in May and I just came to the realization that I really want to do music, that's what I love doing. I've known Dave seven years now and I just came to this realization when he called me and said "Down By Law is going to change from a part-time band to a full-time band, do you want to come out?" We're really into a lot of the same music. The punk

I like best is a lot of the old melodic British stuff: Buzzcocks, Generation X, The Clash, that's my favorite, favorite. If I had to go to a desert island and just take

some records... So we're both into melody and Alloy didn't have enough melody for me. It had a lot of power but it didn't have the melody and that's what I like. Now that I'm in the band and we have Mark, who's also from D.C., there's a little more compuff to it. Dave: It's more of a unit.

So I guess the reason why Dave and Ed are in Chemical People and Chris is in Clawhammer, all of which are really good bands.

Dave: Dave, Ed and Chris. Dave and Ed are in Chemical People, and Chris is in Clawhammer, all of which are really good bands.

But they wanted to do those bands more than Down By Law?

Colin: Basically people had to decide if they wanted to do this full-time

on the road, and recording, and trying to put your all into it, you can't. There are the amazing Stephen King's and Isaac Asimov's out there who can crank out so much stuff, but you have to put your all into one thing and go for it. That's why it was really hard when I was in college to school and music. There's this division, and music won out.

Dave: School is really great and I'd encourage kids to continue. Kids will write me letters saying "I'm thinking about dropping out of high school."

or "Should I go to college?" and I've actually gotten a lot of letters like that, or different variations. I always say "Ya!—Do it! It's great. If you like it try it

Colin: I think I can do a lot and have a lot more people listen to what I'm saying by being in this band, rather than sitting in grad school writing articles that only people in the field read.

Do you feel you've learned more through your self education, than your programmed school education?

Dave: Oh... much more. Colin: I think you can combine the two. I'd say there's three or four professors I've had at school, out of say 50, who were just amazing. All of them value real life experience. You don't want to be a 50-year-old expert just because "it was the way for me." School makes you look at and think about things a little deeper

than you might normally. You have to push yourself hard. I would never tell a kid not to go to college because "you can learn more by yourself." You can integrate the two. Dave: I went to college and it didn't really do me much good. It did me a lot of good growing up. The whole time I was in college I was in a punk band and I cared a lot more about that than I did about studying. Then I finished with that and I'm still in a punk band and I'm probably never going to need to do anything that was taught to me in college. It was great, I'm glad I went.

What were you taking? Dave: Communications and political science. Colin: I was a history major but at the end I really got into geography. I'm still really into a lot of that stuff. If I ever went back to school again I'd get some thing like that, it's a lot more immediate to people's needs. His-

tory and political science are great fields but there's this great distance between that and the real world. There are a lot of armchair philosophers and people that just sit in offices. You have to link-up things that you've learned in "real" life and "real" situations.

Dave: One thing I always hated about school, even in high school, was that they made it so boring. I remember this one teacher I had in high school who was great, his name was Mr. Jasper, he would just make everything very relevant. "If your girlfriend gets pregnant, what are you going to do? How does this affect you?" That's the real world.

Do you feel that a lot of people go to school for the wrong reasons? Because they feel they're forced to, or if they don't go on to post-secondary education they'll have no chance of having a "comfortable" life?

A lot of people will go not because they want to become doctors, but because they know that they'll make a lot of money by becoming a doctor.

Colin: Definitely, people go because they want to make sure that they'll be able to live, at least on a basic level, close to how their parents lived.

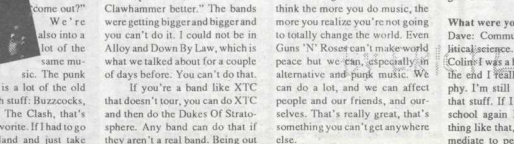
Dave: I know I went just because I was expecting that was the expected thing. There was never any question that that is what I was supposed to do. And then I went and I would blow off classes because I was in D.Y.S. at the time. My first semester I had something like a 1.3 GPA. I almost got kicked out. I had to see the dean and I was radically punk rock then; my hair was spiked to the sky, I had a dog collar around my neck. I was very hardcore into punk rock. It was very clear that I wanted to do and he knew that I didn't want to be there. I'm glad I finished but now I use it to only help my background, it didn't effect my first purpose here. It's like Sting was a professor, he brought into his class "you can be a teacher the subject of school girl fantasies" from "Don't Stand So Close To Me." That whole thing happened to Sting.

There's actually quite a few people out there in the punk rock community who are well educated, teachers, grad students, besides yourselves, who are they?

Dave: Bill Bartell from White Flag has gone to college and been a teacher. Vic Bondi from Alloy and Articles Of Faith, Greg Graffin (Dead Religion) is a professor. Mike (Descendents) is a professor, he just got his doctorate; he's a full professor in something like "genetic evolutionary biology" or something. It's great, that's what he's into, he did the opposite of what I did, he liked school a lot and he chose that.



PHOTO BY THE NEW YORK TIMES





VIDEOPILTER TANIA BOLSKAJA

Last month I promised you faithful peasants that this newswire would be slathered in the spit of a famous director, namely Spike "Malcolm X" Lee, and though I have been known to lie, cheat and steal, in this case I'm as clean as only a slightly greying sock.

I was traipsing about in that semi-dream world which I inhabit and I found myself smack dab in the middle of a weird and mystical place. There were many people of African-American descent floating around. They were very earnestly trying to make a movie. This movie was vast in scope and attempted to tell the life story of a man, Malcolm X, who held great significance for them. The small guy in charge of the whole production was constantly moving. Questions were flying, people were shouting, and there were Caucasian men in suits, wagging their fingers and clutching their back pockets.

A tall man approached me. I recognized the figure as academy award-winning actor, Denzel Washington. "He was in search of the truth," Denzel wailed at me, "Malcolm's life is... evolution. He isn't Malcolm X, there's no way I can be! The same god, the same spirit that moved Malcolm X can move me. If I can...illustrate the evolution of the man, then I'm thankful."

"Denzel," I implored, "I need to speak to Spike Lee! I made a promise."

Following his advice, I went to speak to the two observing women sitting just outside the action. They were quiet, composed, and happy to watch the proceedings. Behind them, on the street, marched youths. Some were very interested in the movie, while others were oblivious to the filming, but all wore uniforms decorated with large X's. I asked the women, whose nametags read WIFE: Betty and DAUGHTER - Antiah respectively, what they thought of the

parade:

"I think a lot of people are learning about Malcolm," Betty quickly responded. "A lot of people felt proud to connect with his spirituality to make statements or to gain strength. I'm pleased when I see someone with a picture of my husband. I'm in that when I see a hat, a t-shirt, a jacket. What it says to me is, 'He's alive'."

Waylaway pay homage to our ancestors. We always talk about them. Someone said that if we call their names once every day, they never die. That is our lineage. That is how we keep Malcolm alive."

Antiah answered more slowly. "It's different for me to read and study Malcolm X. I think at this point, as an adult, I need to explore different people's interpretations."

They told me I would find Spike! I went to the front of the parade. Sure enough, there he was, speaking to the young people, asking them to get their parents to take the day off work to go see his movie.

"Spike, what are you doing?" I was finally speaking to he whom I was bonded to deliver. "Speak what is in your mind."

Quoth he, "Marketing!" "Speak what is in your heart," I begged him.

Quoth he, "We have to take responsibility to pass down the history to our children. If we do not tell our children who Jackie Robinson, who Malcolm X, who Dr. King was...it has to be more than, 'Well, Malcolm X said, 'by any means necessary.' It has to be more than wearing an Xhat or t-shirt."

Then, he waved his hand and the youths marched on, right over the top of my freckle-faced head. When I came to I was face down on my typewriter with my drool, a few magazines, and a copy of "Canadian Audio Electronics Press Kit - Malcolm X" as

my collective pillow.

Thus jolted back to the clear hard light of reality, I switch tenses to the present. (DONE!) My incubal brush with you fill in the word from this pool: megalomania, greatness, Hollywood has left me slightly more puffy and self-assured than usual, so I will ride mood and impart upon you MY choices for the best work in movie making for this past year.

Since some of you wouldn't be caught dead at a movie shoot on Granville St., while others think "indie" is the nickname of a popular film character, I've devoted two sets of kudos. "H" denotes my choice in the sphere of Hollywood enterprises and "I" indicates my fave in the independent realm.

Starting with the real power in any cinematic venture, I'll bow to his demands and elect Spike Lee as best director of 1992 (H). Though *Malcolm X* has been getting a more tepid response than initially expected, Lee's work certainly cannot be faulted. He promised grandiose and grandiose he delivered: a full three hours and twenty minutes of evolution through time, space, and a human psyche. Though I didn't choose Denzel Washington in the acting category, he was my second option as these two men, along with master cinematographer Ernest Dickerson, created what the other would-be epic makers of 1992 could not: an interesting, intelligent film.

My pick for this film was only one hour long and absolutely lacked the kind of pretension that makes a Spike Lee film work, Christopher Munch also earns my pick for best director (I). His film, *The Hours and Times* dealt with famous people, too, though matches *Malcolm X* in its second option as these two men, along with master cinematographer Ernest Dickerson, created what the other would-be epic makers of 1992 could not: an interesting, intelligent film.

Also from *The Hours and Times*, David Angus gave the best performance by a lead actor (I). His sensitive portrayal of the unrequited Brian Epstein is not only the best thing I've seen on film this year, it also returns to Vancouver in any kind of regular run, be sure not to miss it. You needn't be a Beatles fan or even know who these characters are to enjoy this small, beautiful film.

Another small, and beautifully film, was released this year, though to much more fan-

fare and media discussion. *Glenngary Glen Ross* is a claustrophobic gem that features the talents of Jack Lemmon and Al Pacino, my tied choices for best actor (H). I've never really liked Lemmon (especially in such fare as *Dads*) but here he shows his mottled-shelley "The Machine" Levine, a winner salesman who's come down with a chronic case of loser. Lemmon's subtle range could only come with maturity and practice.

Pacino, the jester's version of Robert De Niro, is instinctively charming self as Ricky Roma, the ace of the salesroom. Only Pacino can say "fuck" more than three times in a sentence and still come across as refined. (for you sensitive souls out there, the biggest shocker in *Glenngary Glen Ross* is that Lemmon's over-hypertension of that off-beat F-commenced expletive.)

One of the main reasons Pacino and Lemmon were my picks for the acting department was not just the performances but the drive of the men to themselves. Sure, the guys can act but with writing like David Mamet's they are able to sing. Mamet is regarded as one of the shining lights of playwrighting. With *Glenngary Glen Ross*, he turns his beam full on Hollywood as well.

Hal Hartley is sometimes, rather condescendingly, called the "critics darling" of the independent scene. If he's trying to lose that reputation, my earmarking him as best writer (I) for 1992 is not going to help matters. His *Simple Men* had me choking on my popcorn and spewing diet Coke through my nose, it was so damned funny.

In conversation I had with another independent director, Gregg Araki, he intimated that Hartley's work wasn't edgy enough. However, Araki's film, *The Living End*, a highly controversial shoot 'em up road movie with a substandard script, is my biggest indie disappointment of 1992. My advice to Hartley (as well as to it) would be to stay his course and leave the edge, and bad writing, to Araki.

On the subject of bad movies, *Honeymoon* in Vegas takes the garlic cake for stinkiest project of 1992. This little charisma and this much sexiness are worthy of an Andrew Dice Clay award for boorism. You know the movie is going to be bad make you laugh the first time you see it.

Misogyny be damned! This year saw a few more projects helmed by women and among them was the extremely watchable *Gas, Food, Lodging*. Fairuza Balk, Vancouver native, is my choice for best actress (I) for her work as the impressionable, single-penned-upteen growing up in Going Nowheresville, U.S.A. Billed by

my admiring friends as "the next Winona Ryder", young Balk troves in *Gas, Food, Lodging* that her talent already outstrips that of her older peer.

"Outstrips" is putting things mildly. Ryder, and her partner in trendiness, Keanu Reeves, earn the worst acting mances of the year smack on the head for their film-wrecking performances in *Dracula*. I, alone in Vancouver it seems, enjoyed the movie as a whole. If only ability, instead of box-office draw, had been the only consideration, *Dracula* would have lived up to its hype and potential. If Ryder and Reeves are enjoying their careers they had better stick to contemporary settings for their future roll-sets.

Back on the plus side, the setting juggling, ability stretching Judy Davis is my choice for best actress of 1992 (H). Davis appeared in *Naked Lunch*, where *Angels Fear to Tread*, and *Ilus and Bites* this year. With each movie she changes her look, her manner, and her character, but never her acting savvy. She's to be commended not only on her performances but on her bravery at choosing such diverse and risky roles.

Alright, it's time for the the chips are on the table and my bluff-is-called-move. By far the best Hollywood movie of this year was the one that slunk ducked Hollywood as hard as it could. Robert Altman's *The Player* played 'em where they stood, taking no prisoners and showing no one's career mercy. How do you get all those high-profile celebrities to parody themselves so devastatingly? Make the devastation complete and hilarious. If you can't laugh at yourself someone else will do it for you, and Bruce Willis, Julia Roberts, and the 58 other cameos in *The Player* showed enough money not to take any chances.

My favorite independent film of 1992 is *The Piano's* polar opposite. Julie Duth's *Daughters of the Dust* is as far away as you can get from the glitz and glamour of Hollywood. Set on an off-shore Carolina island at the turn of the century, *Daughters of the Dust* tells the past, present, and future of a former slave family. A triumph of experimental cinematography and narrative, this film more than any other this year made me reflect on the entirety of my experience of it.

Sound like artsy-fartsy mumbosimbos you? Heck, there's nowhere else to us that slip. If paper UBC issued me two years ago. Before I leave you to your low-brow lives, by unanimous decision, this year's best scene in a movie was from *Simple Men*. I bet you didn't know that Sonie Youth's "Cool Thing" was a line dance, did you?

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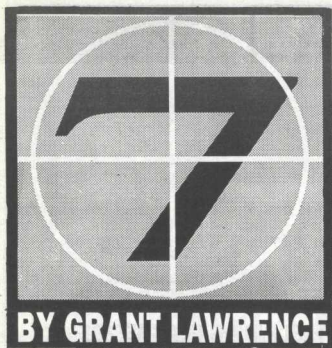
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Welcome, readers, to a new year. But don't get too excited, friends—I mean, really, it's only the mid-early '90's and nothing new has really happened. I'm still paying GST on chocolate bars, the Corporate Open has an ever-tightening stranglehold on ye olde vinyl, and, on a positive note, I haven't been fired from this column yet. Even more positive still, the elements in the '7' world still seem undaunted if not fueled by the apparent "vainly/ideal" threat. Scallions of '7's are still flowing freely from the pores of punk rock bands everywhere and the '7' remains to be the truest form of what is "independent music."

Right, *Sea Monkey*? The *Sea Monkeys*, who hail from New York City, are definitely January's flavour flay. Tons! High energy shout-punk rock, bustin' at the seams with youthful exuberance and excitement. The two fairly awesome songs are titled, quaintly, "Oh No, I'm Sammy Petrillo" and "Nipsy-land," mirroring the *Sea Monkeys*' apparent and familiar punk fixation with post baby boomer TV pop culture. Fans of groups like Mr. T Ex-

perience and Young Fresh Fellows must indulge. Hey, they do any know if these guys have an album out? Maybe I'll write: *Vital Music*, 81 Second Ave., New York, New York, 10003, USA.

One of the best things about music today is that you can get just about anything you want. Everybody's doing everything. You want rap? You got it. You want punk? You got it. You want industrial? You got it. Same goes for almost anything from any era anyone can think of. Minneapolis' *Vandalas* take on a '70's mellow, classic rock thing, add a bit of new sunshine pop and come out sounding like the gang from *Welcome Back Kotter* singing Tenacious Penciltooths. And does it work? Yeah, like oil and water, baby. (Tenpop Works, P.O. Box 16304, Minneapolis, MN, 55416, USA).

Seattle's *Night Kings* have gotta be the closest and newest in-ncarnates to the Sonics that I've heard since the Mummies' first attack a few years back. What gives on this slab is a badly needed overdose of the usual shit: super-charged fuzz

guitar, machine gun drumming, and way-over-driven scratch vocal styling. This is very tough, very sloppy and very amazing rock and roll music. (In The Red, P.O. Box 49593, Los Angeles, CA, 90049, USA).

You know when rock magazines sometimes give away a promo '7' from some feature band(s) of the month? And you know how most of the songs are usually throw-away outtakes? Doesn't that suck? Unfortunately, such is the case with two such '7's I have recently obtained from said "rock magazines." The first is a free-bee disc from the world leaders of hip/pulp: *Sassy* magazine. They've gotten away with Sub-Pop to release a four-band, four-song EP featuring *Codine*, *Velocity Girl*, *Beat Happening*, and *Sebadoh*. *Codine*'s song is a dead paced, SLOW BOP; *Sebadoh* are a mixed bag of poop (yes, that's punk) big and fat. *Beat Happening* who are one of my favorite combos ever miss the mark as well with a Heather-sung, two-guitar only, negatively hypnotic plodder. The winner here is *Velocity Girl*. Though I've slagged them in this column before, I'll make up for it now by saying that their tune "Crawl" rocks out in a fuzzy-wuzzy, female-sung, rock anthem sorta way.



The second '7' promo comes from a Canadian magazine that is much more underground than *Sassy*, and also much cooler than *Sassy*—it's *London*, Ontario's long-running *What Wave*. *Obscure*, a "zine" dedicated to bringing obscure rock and roll to the masses, this issue they've included a '7' by the *Purple Merkins*, a side project of Tucson's *Marshmallow Overcoat*. What can

say? The *Overcoat* SUCK so I don't think a side-project sounds too much better. It's this sorta lame-ass shit that gives the term "garage" a negative connotation. Wrong pick on this one, *What Wave*. (*What Wave*, Issue 21, 17 Erie Ave., London, ON.)



Trekking further east to the desolate province of Nova Scotia we find a '7' by a group called *Eric's Trip*. So there's an apparent music connection in the Maritimes and I'll follow Nova Scotians. Sloan get signed to DGC, then rumours ricochet of *Eric's Trip* getting offered a Sub-Pop deal and turning it down. In fact, Canada's college radio bible, *National Chart*, reported that *Eric's Trip* were the first band ever to turn down an offer from Sub-Pop. N.C. were wrong in two regards: 1) the aforementioned San Francisco punk rock quartet *The Mummies* received a Sub-Pop offer and, yes, turned them down. R.A.T. about a year and a half ago; and 2) it turns out now, after all, that *Eric's Trip* will indeed have a record come out on Sub-Pop!

And if this D.I.Y. four-song EP is any indication of *Eric's Trip*'s talent, it may be a Sub-Pop product actually worth hunting down. Though I've sharply reviewed '7's, some sound problems like drop-outs (it was recorded onto four-track), the actual songs are fast, silly-sung, dirgey pop numbers. There were times when they reminded me of Scotty's pop combos like the *Pastels* or the *Vaselines* (note how both Scotland and Nova Scotia suffer from similar geographic isolation) and other times a folksy tone crept through creating an image of how Nirvana would sound if Kurt

Kobain were, both, Simon and Garfunkel. Anyway, it's a cool single and it's nice to know there's life on the other side of this country (limited edition 500 copies, Nim Records, 115 Liberty Cres., Moncton, New Brunswick, B1A 6K6).

Not that it ain't a wild life over here, too. Non-musical "official side-project," *The Hanson Brothers*, have just released their first full-length album, and much to my excitement there was a bonus '7' included in the '12' rock packet. Let it be known to non-Hanson Brothers disciples that the name comes from the twin bow hockey players in the '70's Paul Newman flick *Slaphop*, and that the band is a Canadian tribute (with a hockey twist) to the Ramones. This will therefore explain the first song on the '7, "Blitzkrieg Hops." Yeah, it sounds just like the Ramones, yeah it rocks and so do the other two bonus tunes. The Hansons have managed to score and all three, now I guess that means a hat-trick, right? Please forgive me. (Alternative Tentacles)



And here comes another all-new, all-girl assault from down New York way by *The Gloo Girls*. Quite a bit of reverse sexism here, men... The *A-side* is a tune called "Yo Blondie" in which the three girls shrilly sing, "Yo blondie, you weren't/know what to do if we said 'yes'!" I sure know what I'd do after clapping" her know-all meg a couple times, I'd spin her around and—JUST KIDDING!!! Trebled bass, bitter-sweet cheatin'-garage pop 'n' roll, the way I like it: good and tough (coincidentally the way I like my sex). Not as super as cult or the *Shit Birds*, but it's up there.

(Dionysus Records, P.O. Box 1975, Burbank CA, 91507, USA).

I've mentioned the Mummies a lot this month and, yes, I'm going to do it one more time. Mummies lead-dog, Trent Ruane, produced this next slab o' shit, a single by *The Fingers*. As good as fully expected, it's that lo-fi, lo-talent, stripped down, straight ahead, three chord punk rock. Great chop guitar sound on this bashing record, though the chords do get a little repetitive. *Soukille/Supercharge* and that's a good thing. (Bag Of Hammers, P.O. Box 928, Seattle, WA, 98111, USA).

Narduar told me to review this *Paw* single I'm looking at because "it's the next big thing, prick!" Are you serious, P? n71 thought you were into lea, and, and this ain't beat, it's stretch. *Paw/Nasty Pop*, 817 Indiana St., Lawrence, Kansas, 66044, USA).

The *E-Types*, on the other hand, are tre's chic and tre's beat. I always love a good mod band, they're so... neat. The *E-Types* four song *Action Packed* EP fits nicely into the bracket of mod natives, from the power-pop ravers on the grooves to the sharp picture of the *E-Type* Jaguar on the front cover. The songs are catchy and bouncy and reminiscent of post cool groups like the *Painted Skirts* or the *Flamin' Groovies*. The *E-Types* will probably never bubble, but at least they've put out a good record on their own to make their small niche in the big long. (Squid Target, P.O. Box, 189092, Sacramento, CA, 95818-9092, USA).

And that's the scoop for this month! Lotta great stuff as you can see... jump on buying at Tamed on bean Pappos.

Grant's Top Six Local '7's (About 12 were released in 1992, but I only liked six of 'em)

1. *Sub Pop* (Mint)
2. *The Crusaders* double '7' (Scratch)
3. *Mecca Normal/Krevis* split '7' (Sub Pop)
4. *Tenpop* "Freight Train Song" (Mint)
5. *Indochinos* *Fill Me Up* EP (Thrill-O-Rama)
6. *Sparkmarker* 3 song EP (Final Notice)

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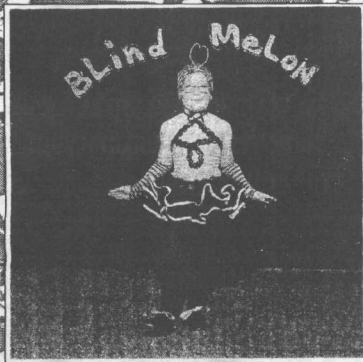
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Saturday, Nov. 14th.

Man, oh, man, oh, man, oh, man! What a sweet delight! A street musician lover's delight! The Vancouver gods of busking finally playing together. Billy Ray, the guy that plays that homemade string concoction, and Steve, the harmonica, drum machine and dog guy! This gig was entirely unannounced.

Smooth was their playing. The sounds streamed through my ears like a glass of warm milk. When they play together they're better than apart, colossal event. The mastery of abstract noise completely distorted and disrupted the surrounding environment for the hour they played but I was the only one who noticed. Just me, baby. No one stuck around for more than ten minutes but me, honey. This was an event, dammit! I even caught a cold because I was improperly dressed for the occasion but it was worth it. Oh, boy, it was worth it!

We're all very lucky that these men will be collaborating again, to put that early live Sonic Youth LP down and see some real impromptu noise mastery. It'll only cost you a donation and they'll love you for it.

Rob Dayton

Sugar
Throwing Muses
Boo Radleys
Commadore Ballroom
Wednesday, Nov. 18

What did I think of the show?
 It was rock's role show, man. They were there, they played, they left, the crowd jumped up and down at the right places, there was blood, sweat and tears, there was "pit swimming" and enclosures, we even had a token football jump on stage and hug bob.

If you've been paying attention so far, yeah, you're right, it does sound like every show you've seen in the last few years that's why I feel so let down.

"I'm sorry you're disappointed but times may change and so did I," perhaps my expectations were too high, coming from a past of hiker-dude's blizzking pop, to work

books' tour-de-force and both moudi's solo acoustic performances (one of the most intensely intimate shows I have ever seen), one can easily see where such an idea would come from.

both has time and time again proven to be a performer, a musician of extremely high caliber and integrity; a person who would constantly lay it on the line musically and emotionally, a person who put something of himself into everything he did, no matter who he was playing with, a no-compromise guy.

both moudi seemed to be a parody of himself, he had all his moves down pat, even rolling his eyes at the proper points, the feedback squeals were present but yawned on, the entire performance



Eugeneius

they were playing but it seemed that they were there to do a job, and they did it a good job, a professional job, but a job all the same.

it was like watching a rainbow that is all one color.

call work, and no play makes jack a dull boy."

however, the show did have a few fine points with the credit being given to the few long, "heavy and cerebral" numbers, written and sung by the band player, david barbe, the whole band seemed to be dead during these tunes and really pump out the sound but it was too few and far between.

who knows, maybe it was the end of the tour, or maybe bob's holding back his ego to give the rest of the band some air, or maybe they're trying to get some financial security or some crazy deal like that. I don't know, I haven't talked to the band lately so I can't suppose anything.

I do know what I feel though, and that's disappointed.

you spoke you liked it?

pukka

Girl Trouble
Sinister Six
Head
Crocodile Cafe
Seattle, WA
Wednesday, Nov. 25

I'd never been to the Crocodile before, but apparently it's become something of a Seattle hotspot, and I can see why. It's small, intimate and kinda cozy. As my co-host Lisa arrived we noticed that despite there being a Gigs record release party with guests Hammerbox across town, everyone seemed to be here. While moseying up to the bar for a couple of drinks, I spied

Mark Arm and Steve Turner of Mudhoney, and later on ran into Kurt Cobain (Fastbacks). Lisa claims she also saw Aaron of the Mono Men. Had seen took the stage and, despite certain distractions, I enjoyed their brief set of Ramones-style punk rock. Actually, I was in a strange sort of way. Head all most somed more like the Ramones than the Ramones do these days!

At 11:15 Head's set, it's time for more drinks and some heavy anticipation for Sinister Six, a band whose two 7" singles I have played to death lately. The band seemed to be having an off night as their set was, although plenty energetic, not quite together and they seemed to be missing up a lot. Later I would learn that guitarist Brother James attributed this to nervousness due to

the presence of Mudhoney members.

Finally, the band I'm sure most everyone came to see, Girl Trouble. Now, by this time, I must admit to being somewhat inebriated beyond normal comprehension, and to any attempt to relate to you as to why that Girl Trouble playing would be futile. All I can really say is that they were as rocking as usual and that K.P. Kendall seems to have shaved his beard off.

Cryptic AI

Mudhoney
Eugenius
Supersuckers
Seattle Center Arena
Saturday, Nov. 28

Having never seen either Mudhoney or the Supersuckers I was pretty hyped for this show. Unfortunately, years of going to club shows where bands never take the stage before 10 PM resulted in my girlfriend and I arriving at the Seattle Centre just in time to miss the Supersuckers. Apparently they took the stage somewhere around 8:30 and played a half hour of super-intense punk rock at breakneck speed.

After being patted down and put through a metal detector by arena security, we entered and found some seats. It's been about seven years since I've been to an arena concert and this will probably be my last; the crowd consisted mostly of first-year olds in flannel and the air was thick with cigarette smoke. Anyways, Eugeneius soon took the stage and began boring us to death. Yeah, I know they're kinda popular and that the singer was in the Vaselines, but they sounded like a cross between Manchester and the worst elements of Seattle's cheesehead rock. Like dance music with heavy metal guitar solos. To put it simply, they sucked. Forty-five minutes of these losers was just too much.

Finally, Eugeneius finished and we anxiously awaited the arrival on stage of Mudhoney. Lisa was kind enough to remind me that "The last time I saw Mudhoney, they really blew." After watching guitar and teddy bears around on stage for half an hour, the lights went down, the smoke machine came on, and Mudhoney came out and shook the place. Playing mostly oldies like "You Got It," "This Gift" and "If I Think" came off real well while some of the newer tunes like "Into the Drink," "Who's Driving Now" and "Suck You Dry" seemed almost out of control, faster and chaotic. At one point an overly zealous young male attempted a stage dive only to be grabbed by bouncers, causing the band to stop mid-song as Mark Arm dove into the crowd and rescued the lad, pulling him and the bouncer on stage with guitarist Steve Turner telling the audience, "This would've never happened at The Metropolis in 1983."

Unfortunately, most of the audience would've been about five bucks then so the common went right over most of their heads. Mark then uttered a stream of obscenities at the

bouncers and commented that "If I were this kid, I'd fucking sue these guys!" to which he received cheers of approval. "Well, I guess we're an arena rock band now" he chuckled, as they burst into their next stream of songs, stepping not again until their last song "Dead Low" and ending in a culmination of feedback and noise before walking off stage.

Of course, no arena show would be complete without an encore, so "Touch Me, I'm Sick" and a cover of Motorhead's "Over the Top" were performed and by 11:00 it was all over. All in all, I thought they rocked pretty good but the venue sucked and the sound was typical of an arena: hollow and very loud. I doubt I'll go see an arena unless it's at a more intimate place, although that may be unlikely as their



Rocket from the Crypt Kai Koginiri

"popularity" increases amongst the arena rock crowd.

Cryptic AI

Megadeth
Suicidal Tendencies
PNE Forum
Tuesday, Dec. 1

There's nothing that can ruin a show more effectively than a few fuckin' idiots whose egos demand the attention of those around them. They howl, whistle, yell and throw fireworks around so they can feel a part of the show. For example, when Mike Muir (Suicidal Tendencies vocalist) was doing his self-righteous speech on mind revolution, there was a build-up to some line that only the people immediately in front of the stage could hear because, for some inexplicable reason, some people started howling that "fuckin' howl" that reminds me of Duke of Hazard reruns and sucked almost everyone around me into it.

From what I could piece together, the Suicidals were their usual energetic selves. I would have been glad to hear some of their earlier work, but it was not to be. I wonder when they'll realize that trying to bring a punk attitude for heavy metal is an effort bound to fail.

Megadeth sounded a lot better (which isn't saying much) and had a more entertaining light show. As far as the band's performance goes, they were great to watch for their musical skill and technique, but lacked the high energy S.T. had. Granted, Megadeth are a more musically en-

tertaining band and with such a light show any more may have been much. What helped them pull off such a well done show definitely has to include the stage persona of Dave Mustaine. He reeks of arrogance and a violent voice which results in Megadeth's production always being music with an attitude.

Braden Zrno

Rocket From The Crypt
Kreavis
Big Gulp
Cruel Elephant
Saturday, Dec. 12

A last minute cancellation by Calgary's El Caminos forced transplanted Californians Big Gulp to take the stage a little unprepared, but they still managed to pull off a good set of tunes not unlike the way

Mon used to make you those great PB&J sandwiches when you were a kid. You know what I'm talking about, two slices of cold 'ol Wonderbread (Big Gulp's opener and closer, covers of Siouxsie and the Banshees' "Arabian Nights" and Van Halen's "Dead or Alive") packed to the brim with jam started to creep out the sides. And you lose most of it 'cuz the jam falls into your lap making you forget about the rest of the sandwich while you're too busy getting the stain out before your friends accuse you of peeing your pants...OK, what I'm trying to get at here is that some songs were lost on me 'cuz they seemed so long I forgot that they were different or not. Anyhow, these guys are a very talented bunch and they're sure to impress a lot more people in the future.

Kreavis sounded amazingly good this time around maybe due to the fact that they've just returned from a stint down the West Coast—and the consistency in their playing has gotten a lot tighter. Also, the addition of a new guitarist and the dropping of the second drummer seems to have given them a vivacity they haven't had in the past. I've been wanting to like these guys (and guys) for a while now, and this show certainly helped in gaining my support.

Looking like the pit crew for the Indy 500, Suicidal's Army hit the stage, blasted off with "Don't Dare" from the brand new *Crazy*. Now LP, and they were a "Hippy baby!" These guys are one fuckin' powerhouse unit, due largely in part to the man behind the 24" bass drum, skin bather, Atom, as well as the dualing guitar charge of NO and Mr. Speaks himself. Even the sax stylings of Apollo 9 generated a fierceness all of its own, particularly on the last song, one of two that RFTG tossed out into the frenzied crowd. Other songs like "Hippy Dippy Doo," "French Guy," "Jumper K," from the *Sympathy For the Record Industry* 7", simply smoked; just because, no explanation needed. Now that they have the major label, bawks swooping over their heads, ready to strike at any moment, this ain't no normal carpet ride, buddy. So join the Army and take a trip with Rocket From The Crypt. Cryo Dunn

Brice Dunn

MOFO'S PSYCHOSONIC PIX O' THE MONTH

Howdy, li'l camper! A new year is upon us and, naturally, along with the inevitabilities that come with this month—like fucking up the date on every check you write—comes the buttoned pile o' lists and reflections back on how great/fab/rubbish last year was. Naturally, I, Mofa, shamelessly join everybody else on the planet in the space-filling task of giving you a list of the best of the amazing stuff I have foisted upon you in the last year. Without further adieu:

- Best of a Bad Lot: Mofa's Psychosonic Pix O' The Year**
1. *The Odd Couple Sing!*—**Jack Klugman & Tony Randall**
This most execrating LP I have found to date! The songs on this set a new high in low.
 2. *Tom Jones Live In Las Vegas*—**Ouch!**
The most listenable of the pile; so Vegas you'll crap yourself!
 3. *Lullaby of the Womb*—**Dr. Hajime Marooka**
The weirdest of the year for sure. The soothing sounds of a mother's veins for about 25 minutes!
 4. *Stairway To Love*—**The**

Wonder Band
Discos versions of Zeptunes! Beats Dread Zeppelin by a good twelve years.

5. *How To Haulie*—**Betty White**
More dead! This time a step-by-step instructional guide for the hydraulically challenged.
6. *Flutes Front & Centre*—**Ray Rasch & the Pipers Ten**
Flutes! The one of 'em!
7. *The Black Motion Picture Experience*: *Soulful sounds of Cecil Holmes*
"Superfly," "Shaft" and others done elevator style. Chillin'!
8. *The Trial of Billy Jack*—**Elmer Bernstein**
ZZZZZZZZ
9. *Slade Alive!*—**Slade**
Gotta make this one would make it.
10. *Sour Cream & Other Delights*—**The Frivolous Five**
Wins for the worst playing, concept, cover and what have you. Big influence on John Zorn, I figure.

If you keep your eyes open, you may be able to find these platters in town. Excerpts of the above may or may not be found on *Mofa's Psychosonic Pamphlet #1*, available by dropping me a

line (and \$5) c/o CTR. Don't forget your return address!

Now, to start off the year with a whimper, not a bang, here is another Psychosonic Pix Pack! The first two were kindly donated by the dynamic doc of Rob Harrison and Sondra Macleod.

Killer Joe—Little Jimmy

Osmond (Polydor) Killer Joe! Sounds like a title for a Nick Cave LP! The six-year old Osmonds spawn proves blood is thicker than talent. Best song: "Little Girls Are Fun"
Cheezability rating: 90

On The Campus—Paul "Tex" Yearout
Yearout talks to the "Now" genera-

tion about the "Stereo" generation. Man, this "cat" is really "hip!" "Groove" to his "hip," recorded "live" in "Lawdude," CA in 1965. "Yow!"
Cheezability rating: 100

Parakeet Training Record (Hantz Mountain)
This fell out of an old Ukrainian LP I got. A double bonus, I say! The greatest thing is that this record is supposed to run at 78 rpm, meaning it's nearly impossible to hear at the right speed; it sounds real neat at slow speed anyway. Play this one when your roommate is passed out, after a while he/she will sleep him/it, much to your sick amusement!

Stereo Systems Test Record (Yorkshire)
These records will definitely disappear with the CD age. You'll only be hearing these test tones and hums on rap songs these days! Very, very rare!
Cheezability rating: 80

Tune Your Autograph—Gloria M. Follett (Rhythm Band)
A rock classic! My fave is the G7 chord track. Great for

spooking your dogs, for reasons I'm not too clear on.
Cheezability rating: 86

Ther Psychosonic Pick O' The Month!!!!!!!!!!!!
Fox Activities For Perceptual Motor Skills—Georgia Liccion Stewart (Kimbo)
Motion instruction for tots, set to such classics as "Love Will Keep Us Together," "Melody of Love," and others. One of many invidious records put out to get us ready for the New World Order, I say.
Cheezability rating: 100 (extra points for comedy)

That's all for now but if you cats out there have got any of that good stuff just drop it by CTR's offices, along with a note on who you are (so the whole world can know that you'd own something like that), and I'll see it gets a mention in this very column!!!!!! Also, I have just had a pile of totally wax vinyl sent in from my old place, so watch out, there's lot's more to come!!! And don't forget to get the aforementioned sampler (plug, plug, plug!)

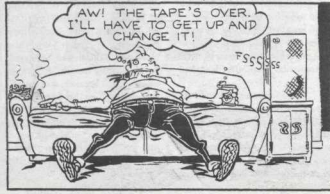


UNDER REVIEW

LUNG
Magnum Opiate (Zulu Records)
Well, it has finally happened. Summer has descended phoenix-like upon fall, fall into winter, and finally 1993 arrives at its first balls-to-the-walls, thank you, sir, may I have

another, kick out the jams, this way, no that way, in here, no, in here, in the door out the window, oh brother, what a party...rock and roll album. And the first album in a long time that's got me excited to express a social conscience while at the same time not seeming too overtly preachy

THE BLANK GENERATION



and political. That is to say, Lung has arrived.

The high moments are many on this release, so I'll only mention a few of the most stellar tracks. The first keeper, "Sweet Be Jesus," is a classic and unrelenting statement on blind faith in organized religion. In the span of four minutes Lung call down every major religious figure of the last 2000 years and summon them all into the court of Lung to render judgement for their crimes against humanity. While the twin-barreled guitars tear off cyberpunk riffery like a list of charges, the bass suddenly pounds back with a throbbing verdict, which you know is guilty. Like a judge presiding over the proceedings, the drums flail—you can almost see the arms and drumsticks flying, cutting through the air as if they wished to knock the angels white heaven, down to the earth so that they might know that there is a new judge, a new jury. That is to say, there is Lung.

Just as compelling is the anthem "Pat Hogue Must Die." On the surface, it would seem to be a scathing attack against him, but this is where you fall for the trap that Lung has set. On further observation, we see the character of Pat Hogue as the

proverbial everyman, a hard working simple man who yearns for what every man should hope for: security, independence, freedom. However, it is not Lung that is sentencing him to death, it is a government whose business interests perpetuate growing unemployment; a government that does not care if its citizens don't have a clean place to live; a government that can't understand why everyone isn't as rich as they are. In this sense it is clear what Lung is saying: that Pat Hogue must die, for if he does our freedom and our future dies with him. Of course this will probably be misunderstood, and like Spangin's "Born in the USA" and Nirvana's "Teen Spirit," it will probably become an anthem for the very people it wishes to attack. Whatever the case, it cannot be denied that they have created a protest anthem as sublimely chilling as Dylan's "The Lonesome Death of Hattie Carroll."

In essence, a stunning piece of controlled fury that never loses sight of its goal: to educate, to question, to rock, and to roll.

Carl Newman

THE SWEATERS
The Pop Thing (Alondrich Records)
Right off the top, the best thing

about this album is that it is minus lead singer Pete Campbell's morose between-song banter. With notable exception Pete has managed to turn everyone completely off with his snide and self-righteous remarks. This is indeed not cool, not it is punk, it's stupid.

Campbell has personally insulted and this magazine, as well as Shadowbox Men and the Reverend Horton Heat. He has even gone so far as to insult bands he does not even know, like the Dharma Bums. So why, you ask, if I have so much contempt for this stage-jerk, am I reviewing his band's debut album? I'm doing it to: a) support local talent; b) I actually think they are talented; and c) maybe Pete will shut his fucking trap after reading this. Stick to singing Peter, a comedian you are not.

All of that shit aside, The Sweaters have actually managed to come up with a nicely packaged, well-rounded and fairly nifty "CD" here. With 13 songs in total, the album's title indefinitely comes into play being that most of the tunes are some top POP songs. Pop-punk in fact. Buzzscooky pop-punk. Modemate/Buzzscooky pop-punk-choo, you get the idea. Though there is definitely some filler ("Kurt Got

Hurt," a sappy ode to Fastback/Young Fresh Fellows Kurt Bloch is pretty embarrassing, the catchy "his" stand making this an album worth some your attention. It isn't incredible or anything, but it ain't all that bad neither.

Grant Lawrence

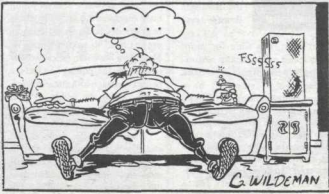
COWBOY DICK

Das Dick

I sure hate tapes without the obligatory contact info. It's such a shameful oversight, it breaks my heart. This five song tape is from a band I saw opening for the Smalls a while back. I think it's two of the Wheat Chicks (the ones that aren't with SNFU, I assume), so that would pin them on the Edmonton part of the map. They were good live, I was pretty much the only person there, yet they put the effort in.

Das Dick has all the problems associated with demo-postering: a little noise, too short, etc. although it has a rather colorful cover, yet cheap. But, hey, I'm not knocking it, *Das Dick* does rock with plenty of thumpy, power-trio-type songs with just a smattering of hard rock influences to make it non-standard. Yet another potentially great prairie band to watch out for!

Mofa



DIDJITS Little Miss Carriage (Touch and Go)

Who's ready to get high? I suit am, cuz I'm stoked on this new EP by the Bastard Sons of Full-Throttle Rock's "Roll Rich." The Man "Sims, bassist Doug Evans and now drummer Ray Washam (Ex-Scratch Acid and one time TAD ka-kicker) hop in their carriage and ride, peeling out on the "Dirt Country Road," hugging the curves while they "Rock the Nation" (Velvet Monkeys, cat dust), and leave ya' chokin' on the fumes with "Sugarfox." Didjits—five albums strong on super-charged guitar devastation and thanking everyone for their support, that includes you, major-fucker.

Bryce Dunn

JON SPENCER BLUES EXPLOSION Crypt-style! (Crypt Records)

Budget rock is in. When I say budget rock, I mean stripped-down, minimalist when, plod and crash (guitar, bass + drums for you non-physics). When I hear budget rock, I hear groups like the Mummies, the Gories, the Cheater Slicks... and the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion. Gauging Willie Dixon and Howl Atkins getting into fits and fits and the referees are three scruffy-looking lads who use their favorite volume of "Desperate Rock n' Roll" for scorekeeping.

Get the picture? No! Well then listen to *Crypt-style* for heavy doses of harp-wallin', guitar-wranglin' and drum-smashin' in songs like the title cut, "Lovin' Up a Storm," "Waterman," "Twatyrine," and the tribute to Wisconsin, "Yob Block of Cheese" to catch my drift. Did I mention budget rock is in? Thank you.

Bryce Dunn

MACEO PARKER Life On Planet Groove (Verve/Polygram)

Pay attention B3M, you can't afford free speech. I see you out there, space cadets and funksters, with your samplers and sequencers hooked up to your reality simulator night and day. Well, believe it or not, the primitive art of creating funk without much more electronics than a few vacuum tubes is alive and well and about to rear its head!

You might have noticed the occasional foray into live funk of the cut type in the late '80's and the early '90's by the likes of the acid

jazz community, mostly native to the British Isles, and the creeping in of the occasional live funk bass, then guitar, and now drums into the rap scene. This seems to be a growing trend of late and the electronics have, finally, fully dropped with the *Brand New Havies' Heavy Rhythmic Experience Vol. I*. But don't worry why this suit is coming back! Of course you do, it's because a lot of musicoids into the funk got tired of being amazed by what James Brown was doing in the '60's and '70's, and instead of trying to jam it into their electronic circuitry, only to have it come out funky up, actually picked up an instrument and tried to do it for real. Then they really, really became amazed at what James Brown was doing back then.

Maceo Parker, Fred Wesley and Pee Wee Ellis, better known as the Horny Horns, became in the Motherships of George Clinton and James Brown since the mid '60's, hopping back and forth between the dual pillars of funk for at least 15 years, all the while lending some of the best bounce-to-the-ounce brass to both. Well, about a year ago, I was listening to the good old funk and thinking that these days were ancient history, what had become is all that would ever be done. A closed chapter in the book of the history of music.

But wait a minute, what's this on the horizon? I know that more and more people are getting into the funk, and I'm aware of each reissued CD that comes out, but you this new, 1992! Of the funk is there in full force! Of course things ain't perfect yet, but this 76-minute chunk of aluminum and plastic has got to be the closest thing to it since disco began literally came out of the funksters back in 1975. Maceo's got a six-piece band, a 14 minute version of "Soul Power," and more groove than the San Andreas fault-line! Now that the originators have shown every body that it can be done in the 90's, I think a few years from now things are gonna be lookin' mighty fine once again, funk, Part II, begin here.

Adam "Bootsy" Sloan

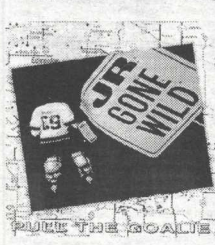
STONE TEMPLE PILOTS Core (Atlantic/Wea)

Mangane nodules are circular, full of valuable minerals and formed by sediment on the sea floor. Surprisingly, mangane nodules and the Stone Temple Pilots' album entitled *Core* are not entirely dissimilar. As one listens to the album it grows concentrically more

intriguing, filling with a potpourri of musical value. Although they have little to do with the deep sea, let alone sediments, I feel it's safe to assume they've bled it.

The Stone Temple Pilots seem to have everything going for them. Big Canadian music stations are frequently airing their fifty little video and their general sound should satisfy a variety of tastes; snippets of Danzig, Alice in Chains and Pearl Jam seem to be evident sources of inspiration. All the members come across as strong musicians but the whole cluster is not overpacked. In other words, they seem great but seem to be the operative word. The songs are catchy, the pictures are distorted, lyrics are twisted, but is this all the major label Frankenstein to boot sales? I damn.

Emma Lauder



VARIOUS ARTISTS Rig Rock Jukebox (Diesel only/First Warning)

JR. GONE WILD Plum The Goalie (Stony Plain)

THE WALKABOUTS Dead Man Rose (Sub-Pop)

These three new discs have a lot in common. Despite the fact that they originate from New York, Edmonton, and Australia they all have deep, deep, traditional country roots in a time when most new music is drenched in '70's influences, and country music itself is drenching itself in the same tacky posturing that makes mainstream pop so obnoxious. The above artists also make these roots into their own unique style that makes them instantly memorable in sea of mostly mediocre new music.

Rig Rock Jukebox is the first compilation for Diesel Only Records, a label, up until now, dedicated to putting out seven inches of true country and country rock, primarily for use in jukeboxes of truck stops across the U.S. 16 songs bring artists show that while N.Y.C. is positively the last place you'd expect cool c & w to come from, this CD puts just about anything currently coming out of Nashville to shame. The influences that such acts as Courtney & Western, Mumbo Gumbo, World Famous Playboys (bad name), Go To Blazes, et al. draw from include Texas swing (Bob Willis and His Texas Playboys, 'rinstance), country rock (Gram Parsons, Long Ryden), and vintage truck queens like Patsy Cline or Brenda Lee.

The songs make for good listening from start to finish.

Jr. Gone Wild, longtime Edmonton-based band, has gotten more country and folk into their new CD, *Plum the Goalie*, than ever before. Opening with "What's Going On," a frustrated love song, Jr. goes through 13 great tunes, blending these styles with heavy edgy pop. Mike McDonald, chief songwriter, comes up with some of his best for this one. The production is thick with steel guitars and the album has a big live feel without sounding deliberate. There aren't enough silly songs on this one but that's my weird thing anyway.

The Walkabouts seem content to use the cold, gothic country as a major part of their *Scavenger* LP: three are recorded live from radio appearances and another studio track, "Train of Mary," features Brian Eno on vocals. The sound is ominous and gloomy, like early Nick Cave, and titles like "Long Black Veil," "The Anvil Song" and "Dead Man Rise" aren't subtle about their points. These guys do get a little monotonous after a while but their playing is top notch, and the piano is a nice touch.

These records are just a small portion of new albums from bands who don't choose to flow the current trends that are in vogue right now, and hopefully they won't get overlooked by folks who crave variety.

Mofo

Helen G's Selective Top Ten List Of Cool Women For '92 (Dogs Breakfast 11:00AM-1:00PM Tues.)

1. Mrs. Beeton—Victorian author of several books of cooking and household management. Sadly, she died young and poor.
2. Joan of Arc—not canonized until 1920, this fifteenth century French visionary and military leader is the subject of much popular legend and art.
3. My mum—Because she's fab!
4. cub (3 in 1)—Local pop heroines. Pick up their single.
5. Hildegard von Bingen—Twelfth century German abbess, philosopher, poet, prophet, artist and composer. "The Sibyl of the Rhine."
6. John Austen—Eighteenth century English literature—a little piece of ivory I worship.
7. Elizabeth David—Recently deceased English food writer and recipe compiler. Not recognized properly for her achievements in her lifetime. Get her cookbooks.
8. Mary Kingsley—English Victorian adventurer; travelled alone in West Africa. Check out her record of the trip.
9. Jeannette Winterston—Contemporary British author of several astonishing books. From her debut novel, *Oranges Are Not the Only Fruit*, to the latest, *Sexing the Cherry*, her writing is exquisite.
10. Lucy Maud Montgomery—Maritime novelist, unhappy but prolific. Kudos to Margaret Atwood for helping to revive her reputation. Read her diaries, the third volume came out recently.

Ron's Top Ten Releases of '92 (Powerchord 12:15-3:00PM Sat.)

1. Trouble - *Manic Frustration*
2. Dream Theater - *Images and Words*
3. Black Sabbath - *Demonianizer*
4. My Sisters Machine - *Diva*
5. Pantera - *Vulgar Display of Power*
6. Kings X - *Kings X*
7. Exodus - *Force of Habit*
8. Kreator - *Renewal*
9. Iced Earth - *Night of the Storm Rider*
10. Blind Guardian - *Somewhere Far Beyond*

Bootsy's Future Rap Top Ten For Da Hip Hop Masses of '92

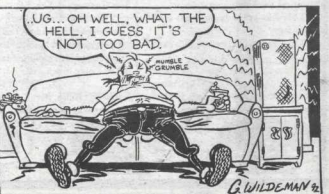
1. Ultramagnetic MC's - *Funk Your Head Up*
2. Tim Dog - *Penicillin On Wax*
3. Comptons Most Wanted - *Music To Driveby*
4. Public Enemy - *Greatest Misses*
5. Brand New Heavies - *Heavy Rhyme Experience: Vol. 1*
6. Grand Puba - *Reel To Reel*
7. Scarface - *Mr. Scarface Is Back*
8. X-Clan - *Xodus*
9. Digital Underground - *Sons of the P*
10. Boogie Down Productions - *Sex & Violence*

Clay Lodermeick's Top Ten Things In The World In '92 (Poppin' 1:00-3:00PM Thurs.)

1. Ween
2. Helen G's date square
3. Early grey tea
4. 9 hours sleep
5. My favorite comic books
6. hot buttered popcorn!!

Mint Bill's Top Ten

1. cub
2. Thee Gobins: "The Phaser."
3. Pesto spaghetti pizza in NYC.
4. Welcoming committee in Toronto.
5. Fibre tablets (on several occasions).
6. Mini-chank.
7. Hotpotato seagulls in Blaine WA.
8. Go!Go!Go!Go!
9. J.C. Collins' Galiano Mansion.
10. Something good that happened when I was too drunk to remember.





CHARTS

1992 LONG GROOVES 50

1	VARIOUS ARTISTS	CLAM CHOWDER AND ICE...	NARROWBAY
2	WEEN	THE PDD	CARGO
3	WINDOWWALKER	RANSTICK	MINT
4	TEAR GARDEN	THE LAST MAN TO FLY	CAPITOL-NETWORK
5	VARIOUS ARTISTS	VIRUS 100	ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES
6	PERFUME TREE	DUST	ZULU
7	FACEPELLER	CRANIAL EXPANSION DEVICE	TEMPLE NORTH
8	FRONT LINE ASSEMBLY	TACTICAL NEURAL IMPLANT	THIRD MIND
9	BEAT HAPPENING	JAMROCKS	CAROLINEK
10	MINISTRY	PSALM 69	WARNER-SIRE
11	DOGBOWL	FLAN	CARGO-SHIMMY DISC
12	HELMET	MEANTIME	ATLANTIC-INTERSCOPE
13	POLVO	CR CRANE SECRET	MERGE
14	DAMES IN DISTANCE	TONTELLA	WARNER-PERIPHERY
15	NICK CAVE/BAD SEEDS	HENRY'S DREAM	ELECTRA-MUTE
16	CHUMBAWUMBA	SHHH...	AGIT PROP
17	CASSETTE MYTHOS...	WHAT NEXT	
18	VARIOUS ARTISTS	DONOVAN: ISLAND OF CIRCLES	NETWORK
19	SHEILA CHANDRA	WALKING MY ANCESTORS...	REAL WORLD
20	PACEMEN	SLANTED AND ENCHANTED	MATADOR
21	MR. T EXPERIENCE	MILK MILK LEMONADE	LOOK OUT
22	URGE OVERKILL	STULL	TOUCH N GO
23	DAISY CHANSAW	ELEVENTEEN	A&M
24	SUPERSUCKERS	THE SMOKE OF HELL	CARGO-SUB POP
25	ATOMIC 61	HEARTWORM	BOX DOG
26	BEASTIE BOYS	CHECK YOUR HEAD	CAPITOL
27	VARIOUS ARTISTS	WE BITE AMERICA	WE BITE AMERICA
28	MERCURY REV	YOURSELF IS STEAM	ROUGH TRADE
29	THE SMUGGLERS	ATLANTA WHISKEY FLATS	POPULAMA
30	LT	BRICKS ARE HEAVY	WARNER-SLASH
31	LUNA 2	LUNAPARK	WARNER-ELECTRA

32	DOWN BY LAW	BLUE	EPITAPH
33	SUGAR	COPPER BLUE	RYKODISC
34	VARIOUS ARTISTS	AFTERNOON DELIGHT	CARGO-SUB POP
35	NONEAND	0-2-1	ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES
36	GREEN DAY	KEPLUNK	LOOK-OUT
37	ROLLINS BAND	THE END OF SILENCE	IMAGO
38	DOUGBOYS	WHEN UP TURNS TO DOWN	CARGO
39	BOY COUNT	BOY COUNT	WARNER-SIRE
40	SONICS	MAINTAINING MY COOL	ERDEN
41	X-CLAN	X-DUDES	POLYGRAM
42	BABES IN TOYLAND	THE PEELESSONS	STRANGE FRUIT
43	VARIOUS ARTISTS	JUNGLE COMPLICATION	NEXT UP
44	CHANGE OF HEART	SMILE	CARGO
45	CYPRESS HILL	COLUMBA-RUFFHOUSE	
46	ROOTS ROUNDUP	WHAT WE DO	GROUNDUP
47	LOST DAKOTAS	LAST TRAIN TO KINCAID	INDEPENDENT
48	UNREST	IMPERIAL FTRR	CAROLINE-K
49	LEMONHEADS	IT'S SHAME ABOUT RYK	WARNER-ATLANTIC
50	LAVA HAY	WITH A PICTURE IN MIND	CAPITOL-NETWORK

1992 SHORTIE GROOVES 35

1	MECCA NORMAL/REVIEWS	3-SONG SPLIT 7"	SUB POP
2	BROTHER BUZZ	"DYNAMITE" 7"	eMpTy
3	TANKHOG	TRAIN SONGS 7"	MINT
4	DRONE	IF YOU CAN'T EAT IT OR FUCK IT... 7"	INDE
5	FLOP	DRUGS 7"	DASHBOARD LULA GIRL
6	BUM	A PROMISE IS A PROMISE 7"	HANG ROCK
7	STOMPIN' TON CONNORS	BELIEVE IN YOUR COUNTRY CDS	CAPITOL
8	RED	WOODCHUCK 7"	DUTCH EAST-ROCKVILLE
9	HOT LUGS GUN	I'LL KILL YOU 7"	MUD
10	HOUSE OF PAIN	JUMP AROUND 12"	TOMMY BOY
11	THE MUFTS	GUILTY/BRIGHT IN THE EYE 7"	AU GO GO
12	LILLY CHILDISH	LITANY/FUCK GENERATOR	SERIAL KILLER
13	BUNG	BALLAD OF HILLIS BROWN 7"	SUB POP
14	THE WORST	5-SONG 7"	INDEPENDENT
15	BUM/SCOTT HENDERSON	BLOBS VOL.3	WAY OUT
16	SWIRLIES	SABOT SPLITTING 7"	SUMMERLAND
17	SAW TOOTH	KONKA STANLEY 7"	CARGO-ENGLELAND
18	ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT	4-SONG 7"	SUB POP
19	SHADOWY MEN	DOG & SQUEEGEE 7"	ESTRUS
20	UDHONEY/GAS HUFFER	YOU STUPID ASSHOLE/KNIFE MANUAL 7"	eMpTy
21	HUESOS RANCHEROS	ROCKET TO NOWHERE 7"	ESTRUS
22	VELVET GIRL	MY FORGOTTEN FAVORITE 7"	SUMMERLAND
23	SINISTER SIX	OUTTA MY WAY/DELOUSED 7"	BAG OF HAMMERS
24	CRAYON	MOONRLAND EP 7"	HARRET
25	THE FEELS	SPAGE GIRLS 7"	DARK TWIST
26	SPRINKLER	MARBLE/LANDLOD 7"	1/Y
27	STIMMIES	CHESTER/C'MON 7"	PERSEVERANT
28	JESUS LIZARD	I NEED YOU/BEAT YOUR HEART OUT 7"	SUBPOP
29	UNDERTAKERS	WHICH-CHAIR EPIDEMIC 7"	TOUCH N GO
30	THE HEADCATCHES	MY DEAR WATSON 7"	ESTRUS
31	PHLEG CAMP	BEAKER 7"	FINAL NOTICE
32	ALICE DONUT	MAGDELINE 7"	ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES
33	FUCKERS	3 SONG 7"	SUB POP
34	TWEROOLERS	THE GNAIT EP 7"	SCRATCH
35	FRAMPTON BROTHERS	DO THE CHAIR/FURNITURE 7"	BOGUS

1992 SINGLE MAGNETIC PARTYCLOTHES

1	CAUSTIC THOUGHT	"PLANET GLARE"
2	MEET DAISY	"LITTLE ZEBRAS"
3	MOVIELAND	"RANT"
4	TERROR 17	"NO MEANS NO"
5	HUEBOS RANCHEROS	"REPRISE"
6	LUDY RADUL	"BUCKLE UP"
7	MEET DAISY	"TRAIN SONGS"
8	HATTLED ROOSTERS	"I'LL BE GOOD"
9	THE FALCONS	"SHADOWLAND"
10	STARBOYS	"BASTARDS OF '76"
11	PIGMENT VEHICLE	"I AM"
12	FOAM	"SICK MAN"
13	FOAM	"LET JESUS PUT HIS LOVE DEEP INSIDE YOU"
14	SLAON	"UNDERWHELMED"
15	MYSTERY MACHINE	"BROKEN"
16	SINUS ENVY	"BULGARIAN BODY BAG"
17	SHORT LEASH	"DRINKING WITH THE ANGEL"
18	AGING YOUTH GANG	"I WANTED YOU"
19	MYSTERY MACHINE	"SHAKY GROUND"
20	WICKED SWIMMING DOG	"FROM HERE TO YOUR GARDEN"
21	BLAISE PASCAL	"TURNSTILES"
22	VINAIGRETTES	"I WAS SAVED"
23	32 TO BASE	"SOMETIMES 'Y"
24	SHE STOLE MY BEER	"THE CRIMINALS"
25	RYTHMES WITH ORANGE	"MARVIN"
26	MOVIELAND	"HELLO"
27	ALICE UNDERGROUND	"TWISTING THE ROPE"
28	STAIN	"BEHIND THE WALL"
29	MAN	"PEOPLE BOW"
30	NENDOKS	"HAD TO GET AWAY"
31	VEDA HILLE	"...LAINE"
32	CANE TADDS	"HOUSE OF BLUE LIGHT"
33	SUCKING CATCH WOUND	"SATAN N' DRUGS N' HIPPES N' ROCK N' ROLL"
34	JACK FEELS PINE	"SOMEONE DEAD ON TV AGAIN"
35	BLAISE PASCAL	"SUITCASES & POSTCARDS"

DO YOU REMEMBER LITTLE OL' GARN? GARNET TIMOTHY HARRY'S TOP 10 5 YEARS AGO.

1	GET PUMMELED BY EIGHT MEATHEAD JOCKS AT THE ARTS CLUB
2	GET EMBROILED IN THE HEAD BY A WIMP AT THE ARTS CLUB
3	ACTUALLY LAND A COUPLE OF PUNCHES IN FIRST ALTERCATION
4	MET ALI WAMANA AND GAVE HIM A FREE KISS OF MINTS
5	WORE AN ORANGE AND GREEN BANANA TUXEDO IN PARADISIA
6	SAW FIRST MAJOR LEAGUE BALL GAME, MET WILLY RANDOLPH IN ELEVATOR
7	THE OPENING OF THE "FOOD STOP" ON COMMERCIAL DRIVE
8	LIFE AFTER BED DEAD AFTER 4 1/2 YEARS
9	FOUND OUT CONDOMS DON'T COME IN SMALL, MEDIUM, AND LARGE (HOW TIMES CHANGES)
10	INITIATED CONDOM GIVEAWAY TAD WHILE CLAD ONLY IN BOXER SHORTS

Dialin' for Celebrities by Excubus Manslaughter

Another year has passed again, Christmas is done and hopefully all your hangovers have danced off with the sugarpuffs. A new year, a new phone book seem to follow and more celebrities entering our charming metropolis. As I stroke the pages of our beloved phone book searching for those great people who enrich our lives I once again ask myself, "Is Elvis still alive?" So I decided to call various convenience stores and gas stations to find out...here's the scoop on the king:

- 1) He has never bought gas from Shell stations.
- 2) At a Surrey 7-11 he bought a chili dog.
- 3) He went to the Petro Canada on Broadway and asked directions to Ladner. I don't know if this means Elvis is alive or if the employees at the locations

I called are part of the government conspiracy master minded by the CIA who have Elvis frozen in a vault beside Walt Disney waiting to run them in the next presidential election for the Republican party.

Who could confirm this dastardly plot? Who can put us on guard to fight this evil conservative plot? Spike Lee? I tried, but her name was Stacy and she lives in Comox. Chuck D.? No offense but he did do an interview with Terry David Mulligan. Tim Conway...? Yes.

Yes, the lovable buffoon from the Carol Burnett Show and countless can't-get-babes movies. I ignored foul or clever disguise to hide from the Man. Let's find out and give him a call.

Excubus: Hello, Mr. Conway?
Tim Conway: Yes, this is Mr. Conway.

How are you today?
Fine, thank-you.

May I ask you a few questions? I know you are a very busy man.
Well, I'm not to busy right now. (A clever ruse to keep me off track.)

So, Mr. Conway, what are your opinions on Elvis and politics?
Well, they're both entertaining. (laughs)

Do you think there is a conspiracy afoot to put Walt Disney and Elvis Presley into the White House?
What kind of question is that? Aren't they both dead yet?

No, sir, I believe both you and I know the truth, you don't have to

hide from me, I'm on your side. I know things have been rough, especially after the Carol Burnett Show, but there is still hope for a comeback as an entertainer or as a Democrat Presidential contender. Who do you think I am anyways?

Oh yes, Mr. Tim Conway? The comedian?
Oh, heavens no, same name, different Man. And who are you?

Jay Leno. Sorry for disturbing you. Jay Leno? I watch you all the time.

Geek, thanks. Sorry for bothering you, have a goodnight.

Isn't it fun to trick people? Hmmmm,

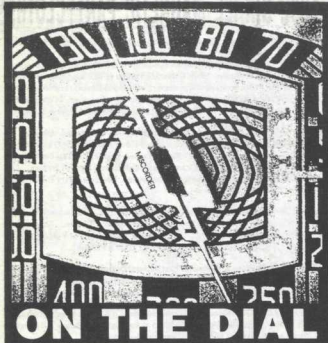
think about it next time you get a call from a celebrity, it just might be Excubus playing a little trick.... Who knows? Wait 'til next month.

These months alternative tips...more things to say:

- 1) Remember when the Elephant was on Granville?
- 2) Oh, gawd, look at him. What a poser. Scarf a life butt-face.
- 3) Helmet, ya I liked 'em way back.
- 4) Old school man, just like Doomsday.

Check this column next month kids for an exciting contest...win a dream date with Excubus Manslaughter. Ciao, my little cabbage heads.





SUNDAYS

ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC 9:00AM-12:00PM All the time is measured by its art. Most broadcasting shows art for its own sake. This show presents the most recent new music from around the world. Ears open. Hosted by Pat Steenhuis and Ian Chudley.

THE BRUNCH REPORT 12:00-12:15PM News, sports, weather and more with the CTR News, Sports and Weather Departments.

THE ROCKERS SHOW 12:15-3:00PM Hosts: George Barnett and Mike Cherry. Reggie in all styles and fashion. Dancehall, D.B. Roots, Love's rock, Soul, Sex and beyond.

SUN CHURCH 3:00-5:00PM Alternating Sundays with Brent Aro. Vancouver's only program devoted entirely to African-Caribbean and African-American Gospel music. Your rotating hosts are Venice Hay and Dave Langille (every second week).

ONE 6:00-6:30PM The first full-length Gospel programs for those pre-feminist over-stressed students. Tune in!

BLACK MUSIC 6:30-8:00PM Everything from the African-American tradition: Blues, Gospel, Jazz, Soul, R&B, Funk, Hip Hop, and current Dance Tracks. Moody vinyl to shiny CDs. Your host, Lashin Murray.

LULU'S BACK IN TOWN 8:00-9:00PM Tune in as your hosts Vinne Capelle and Sonny Prince play some of the hottest covers on the new. Names like Tony Bennett, Sammy Davis, Jr., Engelbert Humperdinck and many, many more... lots of great cuts and plenty of polyester.

CEETANJALI 9:00-10:00PM Ceetanjali is a one-hour radio show which features a wide range of music from India. This includes classical, music which Hinduists and Carnatic, popular music from Indian movies from the 1950s to the 1990s, Semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhajans, and also Quasawalli, Folk Songs, etc. Hosted by D. Dhar, a Patel and his family.

RADIO FREE AMERICA 10:00-11:00PM Join host Dave Emory and colleague No Tuck for some extraordinary political reportage guaranteed to make you think twice. Bring your tape deck and two 90s. Originally broadcast on KJVC (Los Angeles, California).

MONDAYS

THE MORNING SHOW 7:00-8:15AM Wake up with the CTR Morning Show. All the news, sports and weather you need to start your day. Plus what's happening at USC each day with USC Dope, a feature interview and more. Topped off with the BBC World Service News at 8:00AM, live from London, England. Hosted today by Bill Cum.

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS 8:15-11:00AM Your favourite brown-skinned, James and Peter, offer a savory blend of the familiar and exotic in an excitingly lascivious blend of a radio dinner in and enjoy each weekly brown plate spo-

ON THE DIAL

DONALD GOURD'S STUPID RADIO SHOW 11:00AM-1:00PM So they asked me "Is this music?" Noon feature: "Crucifix in Your Ear."

THE AFTERNOON REPORT 1:00-1:15PM News, sports and weather.

MEKANIKA! OBJECT NOIZE 1:15-3:00PM CTR's only industrial / technical / electronic show with different feature albums every week. With your dj, June, Rhys Furee hosts all of it.

SUNO SALAD 3:00-4:00PM Funkier than nine cars of shaving powder.

STRAIGHT OUTTA JALLUNDAR 4:00-5:00PM Let DJ's Jindra and Brodie immerse you in radioactive Bhungar "Chakle dephatay." Listen to all our favorite Punjabi tunes - remixes and originals. Browsable!

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days with host Ian Gunn.

BOXER SHORT BOYZ 7:00-8:00PM Just a couple of guys who live to work around in their boxer shorts with their big fat guts hanging out. Jonnie Broadway and Garret Tremblay bring alternate weekly.

THE JAZZ SHOW 9:00PM-12:00AM Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-savvy Gavin Walker. Features at 11.

Jan. 4: Happy New Year! Tonight a wonderful album of one of the greatest and most overlooked of all the Top giants, Kenny Dorham. "The uncrowned king" on trumpet playing a program of his original compositions with Hank Mobley (tenor saxophone), the superb "Philly Joe" Jones on drums and others. "WhiteStop" on Blue Note Records.

Jan. 11: One of the most powerful voices of the tenor saxophone is Yusuf Lateef... huge sound, original concept and a hard swing. "This Something" is a great portrait of Yusuf. Two tracks with Elvin Jones (drums), and Herman Wright (sax) and quartet tracks with Barry Harris (piano) and others with Yusuf's like and above.

Jan. 18: Latin jazz being treated as something new... he been around for a long time... one of the prime movers and shakers was (and is) the great Cuban drummer Mongo Santamaria. From the late 1950s Mongo has led his overbands. One of them 1964 was one of his best grooves... check out "El Pussy Cat" tonight and groove.

Jan. 25: "McKoy Unit at Newport" was recorded in 1963. Tynes (Coltrane's partner) was given a spot at the Newport Jazz Fest... he had no band so within 10 minutes he hand-picked a group of players who he never played together before. The results... great! Tynes with Charlie Perry (trumpet) and also legendary Chaka Mariano and a boss rhythm section... spontaneous combustion!

TUESDAYS

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-10:30AM Hosted by Angie Rauwerda.

MADONNA DEATHWATCH 8:15-11:00AM Two dicks who don't know shit.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE 11:53-10PM

Country music to scrape the cowbell off your back. With yer hostess Jeff Gray.

LIVE FROM VENUS 3:00-5:00PM Unearthed music and stuff, hosted by Jane Tilley.

MEET DA BEAN 6:30-7:30PM Rap, hip hop and Super Dope Lyrics. So if that you did 3-5 just for getting asked if listening to this stuff. Requests are taken. If you can get through on the phone list Da Beans on the tip!

THE UNHEARD MUSIC 7:00-9:00PM Must be the unheard music and interesting drama and the hordes of hardy heard and hearty, courtesy of hardy and demo director Dave Sawyer.

AVANT-PIG 9:00PM-12:00AM Alternating Tuesdays with Wolf at the Door. Nowhere tunes of funky, ambient noise-piggy with Pete Lubecky.

WOLF AT THE DOOR 9:00PM-12:00AM Alternating Tuesdays with Avant-Pig. The latest dance music and interesting drama every second week. With Lupus Yonderboy.

AURAL TENTACLES MONITE UNTIL THE MOON DROPS Fun for the whole family to enjoy! Weird chunks of noise, odd pieces of literature, Pierre and the 2AM WOO.

WEDNESDAYS

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-10:30AM Hosted by Ian Gunn.

NOOLEY TUNES 11:53-10PM Spinning the best and worst of CTR's playlist, only the most original requests will be normally considered. Emphasis will be on new material from around the world, regardless of musical classification.

NORMAN'S KITCHEN 9:00-10:00PM We play everything from Southern Italian Funk Punk to Psycho Spasmatic Heresies. Sorry no requests.

ESOTERIC 5:15-6:00PM DJ Tripp and Gustav take you where you didn't want to go.

ENTERTAINMENT 9:00-12:00PM Only the best Radio 7:30-10:30 in the history of Home-sapient kinds to be dedicated to solving all of the world's problems. Radio that believes in confusion, noise, peace, love, aggression and maybe even EVOLUTION. Top 70.

OPEN COUNTRY 9:30-12:00AM THE FIRST WEEK OF EVERY MONTH. Don't

let the 787670? fool you.

THURSDAYS

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-10:30AM Hosted by Angie Rauwerda.

CANADIAN LUNCH 1:00-1:00PM Toques, plaid, backbeats, beer, igloos, snowmobiles, Canada, and Brian Mulroney. If you love Canada, tune in and yell your love to Canadian music. Previously Canadian.

POPGUN 1:30-3:00PM Why? Don't you love me as much as I love YOU?

FLEX YOUR HEAD 3:00-5:00PM

---HARD---CORE---

OUT FOR KICKS 5:00-7:30PM No Bikensnob, nothing politically correct. Don't get paid so you're damn right we have fun with it. Hosted by Chris B.

EDSVILLE, POP 6:30-8:00PM Roots of Rock 'n' Roll - a fun and easy to listen to Rock 'n' Roll. Heavily don't blame me! Hosted by Eddie L.

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL 9:00-11:00PM Local music from 9.

Live band play this during from 10.

Jan. 17: Elvis Love Child

Jan. 14: Little Push Machine

Jan. 20: Black Venetia

RADIO TRANSPARENT SUNDAY YEA 11PM-1AM Alternating Thursdays with Gigablast.

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lock back the week in the news, tongues

lively in check.

PROJECTIONS 5:30-6:00PM Projections: news, music, and reviews of alternative, Hollywood and locally produced films on Vancouver's only all-movie radio show hosted by two actual film students, Jason and Steve.

COCKTAILS WITH DARVYL AND SUSIE 6:00-9:00PM Underground sound system-style mastermind radio.

THE RECORD 6:00-8:00PM Excerpts from Dave Emory's *RADIO FREE AMERICA* Series.

HOMEBASE 9:00PM-12:30AM Dope jams and live bands for a groovy party night at DJ Noah on the wheels of steel.

LIMP SINK 12:30AM-1:00AM Giving up on the concept of most radio sets is a very vulnerable state of clumsy indifference. Last time this happened I lost a little more than my disposable diapers. I wasn't about to give up, though, not after I just finished lunch. With my fingers gripped around the base of the middle cycle I gave it a hell of a twist Northwest but to no avail. My pants remained solid. P.S. The Doctor is seeking test of people to send in lists of things. Make 'em original and make 'em good. Send them to Limp Sink on Disorder@CTR.

POWER CHORD 12:15-3:00PM Vancouver's only metal show, local demo tapes, imports and other rarities. Gerald Ratheford and Metal Rock do the damage.

THE AFRICAN SHOW 3:00-5:00PM It's a music thing from all "Africa." It's an awareness thing of self and others. It's an African-speak thing. It's a dance thing. Welcome! Your host: Umehar.

THE SATURDAY MAGAZINE 5:00-6:00PM USC radio's only magazine of news, sports, weather, a movie review, feature report and more. News with Luc Deslaurie; David Richards has sports.

IN THE CITY 6:00-8:00PM The Hip-Hop beat and nuffin' but. With host Pops.

THE HEILMACH MONITOR 8:00-10:00PM Sponsored radio for the after dinner crowd.

JOEY JUMPING 10:00PM-11:00AM Hosts: Tinkles/Tony and John play really loud shit. Bleh me!

SOMETHING 1:00-2:00AM A cute little blurb with a subversive undercurrent and a slight connection that the hosts get some kind of joke that you don't.

98% Funk!

WHOM & HOW

ARTS SHAWN BOUCHARD BOARD CHAIR HARRY HEITSCHG

CURRENT AFFAIRS IAN GUNN

PRODUCTION ADAM SLOAN

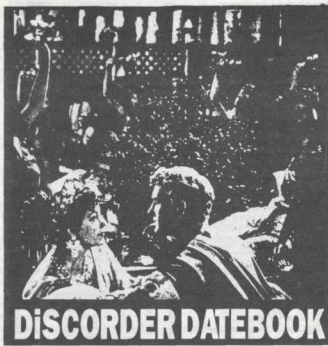
ENGINEER RICHARD ANDERSON

ENTERTAINMENT TANJA ALEXSON

MOBILE SOUND DRU PAVLOV

MUSIC MINNY ABRAHAMOWITZ

NEWS IAN GUNN



DISORDER DATEBOOK

SAT 19 Games Brothers cassette release party at the Crawl Elephant... Jazzman Beats at the Railway... Cash McGuff with the Demons at the Yale... Fifth Avenue at the Glass Slipper... Potty Hervey, Oliver Cannon, Jane Katz at Moss Street Cafe... Economic Crush at the Commodore... Bunch with Orange with Stigmata at the Town Pump... Barney Bentall at Breakers... Joyride at Notorious Rite Club... Silver Thrasher at Peacock Place... Lema Green's exhibition "Cross Cultures" at Vancouver East Cultural Centre (until Jan 5)... 12 Minute's exhibition "Gundam" at Smash Gallery... Voices of Christmas at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... The Element of Crises (7:30pm) and Europa (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

SUN 20 David Philip Group at the Glass Slipper... Ministry, Helmut, Sepultura at the PNE Forum... Fast Red Somalia Band with UHF, Powder Blues, Amanda Hughes, Eumkyu, Circle of Voices, Linda Lee Thomas & Wren, Trimmies at Hotel Vancouver... 12 Minute's exhibition "Gundam" at Smash Gallery... Voices of Christmas at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Mala Kocha (7:30pm) and My Own Private Idaho (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

MON 21 No Fun at Christmas at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Chris Houston's Soul Swing, Lobby Crutch, Grant & Trust Us at the Railway Club... Oliver & the Elements at the Yale... Year's End at the Glass Slipper... 12 Minute's exhibition "Gundam" at Smash Gallery... Voices of Christmas at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Shirley Valentine at Vancouver Playhouse... In Box (7:30pm) and Raise the Red Lanterns (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

TUE 22 Cruel 70's Disco at the Crawl Elephant... Spirit of the West at the Railway... Oliver & the Elements at the Yale... Carlo's Hat at the Glass Slipper... 7th Sign at Notorious Rite Club... 12 Minute's exhibition "Gundam" at Smash Gallery... Voices of Christmas at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Shirley Valentine at Vancouver Playhouse...

WED 23 Food Bank benefit with Ten Feet Tall, Man, Bombshells, Sales Mynd at the Crawl Elephant... Striding Comes at the Railway... Oliver & the Elements at the Yale... Fraser MacPherson with Oliver Cannon at Alma Street Cafe... 12 Minute's exhibition "Gundam" at Smash Gallery... Voices of Christmas at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Shirley Valentine at Vancouver Playhouse...

SAT 26 Beguine Five, Nick Charrington, Drop Dolls at the Crawl Elephant... Video Barbes at the Glass Slipper... Boxing Day Jam at the Yale... Water with Rumpelstiltskin at the Commodore... 1992 Cannes International Advertising Film Festival at the Ridge (7:30 & 9:30pm)...

SUN 27 Tony Winnet Quintet at the Glass Slipper... Voices of Christmas at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Shirley Valentine at Vancouver Playhouse... 1992 Cannes International Advertising Film Festival at the Ridge (7:30 & 9:30pm)...

MON 28 Ralph Engel Quartet - Sipsins II at the Glass Slipper... Oliver and the Elements at the Yale... Year's End at the Glass Slipper... 1992 Cannes International Advertising Film Festival at the Ridge (7:30 & 9:30pm)...

TUE 29 CITR PRESENTS BLIND MELON THE TOWN PUMP... Jimmy Roy's Star Hillybilly Boys at the Railway... Liz Mandville-Greene at the Yale... Crawl 70's Disco at the Crawl Elephant... Bongo Bob at the Glass Slipper... @ Blues at Notorious Rite Club... 1992 Cannes International Advertising Film Festival at the Ridge (7:30 & 9:30pm)...

WED 30 Jimmy Roy's 5 Star Hillybilly Boys at the Railway... Liz Mandville-Greene at the Yale... Mowor's Fur with Skin & Bones and Playhouse at the Crawl Elephant... Celtic Works Wake of the Glass Slipper... 1992 Cannes International Advertising Film Festival at the Ridge (7:30 & 9:30pm)...

THU 31 Mystery Machine, Teardolls, Chrome Bog, The Pasties at the Crawl Elephant... Video Barbes, Yoda Niles & Bones & Feathers, Rick Colbourne & Rad Poetry at Cinderella Ballroom... Brainzette, Triple Juice, Monkey Kicks at Champagne Charles... She Stole My Bear at the Town Pump... Ngoma at La Queens... New Year's Eve Fiesta at Smash Gallery... Liz Mandville-Greene at the Yale... Wal Street with Memphis Sals at the Commodore... LIFE New Year's Eve Spectacular at BC Place... R&B All Stars at Vancouver Rowing Club... Colin James with Games Brothers at 86 Street... All Formen at Jake O'Grady's... Jimmy "Baggies" Johnson at Yak Yak's... Cathy St Germain with Station 2 Station at Big Ben Bowl... Crystal City of Love's...

Trooper at Breakers... Ranch Romance, The Picketts, Terry Lee Hale at the Backstage (Seattle)... 1992 Cannes International Advertising Film Festival at the Ridge (7:30 & 9:30pm)...

FRI 1 Manufacturing Consent: Noam Chomsky and the Media at the Ridge (7:30pm)...

SAT 2 Big Tail Garden with My Beautiful Children, Planet of Spiders and guests at the Crawl Elephant... Liz Mandville-Greene at the Yale... Manufacturing Consent: Noam Chomsky and the Media at the Ridge (7:30pm)...

SUN 3 Manufacturing Consent: Noam Chomsky and the Media at the Ridge (7:30pm)...

MON 4 Oliver and the Elements at the Yale... Kathleen Wynne exhibition at the AMS Art Gallery... And Now for Something Completely Different (7:30pm) and Monty Python's Meaning of Life (9:15pm) at the Ridge...

TUE 5 Cruel 70's Disco at the Crawl Elephant... Battle of the Blues Bands at the Yale... Kathleen Wynne exhibition at the AMS Art Gallery... Lema Green's exhibition "Cross Cultures" at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Lips Together, Teeth Apart at Vancouver Playhouse... And Now for Something Completely Different (7:30pm) and Monty Python's Meaning of Life (9:15pm) at the Ridge...

WED 6 Battle of the Blues Bands at the Yale... Kathleen Wynne exhibition at the AMS Art Gallery... Judy Varga's exhibition "Sacred Manifestations" at Vancouver East Cultural Centre (until Feb 2)... Lips Together, Teeth Apart at Vancouver Playhouse... Simple Men (7:30pm) and One False Note (9:30pm) at the Ridge...

THU 7 Battle of the Blues Bands at the Yale... Kathleen Wynne exhibition at the AMS Art Gallery... Sharyn Yuen exhibition at the Pitt Gallery... Lips Together, Teeth Apart at Vancouver Playhouse... Simple Men (7:30pm) and One False Note (9:30pm) at the Ridge...

FRI 8 Supersconductor with King Simp and Wedge at the Crawl Elephant... Teque, Triple Joy, Kaked for Jesus, King Simple Man, Mutant Starfish at the Commodore... Battle of the Blues Bands at the Yale... Struz & Farah at Massey Theatre... Kathleen Wynne exhibition at the AMS Art Gallery... Sharyn Yuen exhibition at the Pitt Gallery... Lips Together, Teeth Apart at Vancouver Playhouse... Manufacturing Consent: Noam Chomsky and the Media at the Ridge (7:30pm)...

SAT 9 Sweaty Nipples with guests at the Crawl Elephant... Sister Psychic, Juice Monkeys, There's No Muz, 6 Inch Maria at the Town Pump... Shalom Dancers at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Battle of the Blues Bands at the Yale... Sharyn Yuen exhibition at the Pitt Gallery... Lips Together, Teeth Apart at Vancouver Playhouse... Manufacturing Consent: Noam Chomsky and the Media at the Ridge (7:30pm)...

SUN 10 Shalom Dancers at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Sharyn Yuen exhibition at the Pitt Gallery... Lips Together, Teeth Apart at Vancouver Playhouse... Manufacturing Consent: Noam Chomsky and the Media at the Ridge (7:30pm)...

MON 11 Oliver and the Elements at the Yale... Tania Trepanier exhibition at the AMS Art Gallery... Sharyn Yuen exhibition at the Pitt Gallery... Lips Together, Teeth Apart at Vancouver Playhouse... A Brief History of Time (7:30pm) and Blast Ten (9:15pm) at the Ridge...

TUE 12 Cruel 70's Disco at the Crawl Elephant... Original Sinsers at the Yale... Tania Trepanier exhibition at the AMS Art Gallery... Sharyn Yuen exhibition at the Pitt Gallery... Lips Together, Teeth Apart at Vancouver Playhouse... A Brief History of Time (7:30pm) and Blast Ten (9:15pm) at the Ridge...

WED 13 The Ludwigs, Phil Smith and Primitive Road and Retrocadet at the Crawl Elephant... Original Sinsers at the Yale... Tania Trepanier exhibition at the AMS Art Gallery... Sharyn Yuen exhibition at the Pitt Gallery... Lips Together, Teeth Apart at Vancouver Playhouse... The Belly of an Architect (7pm) and The Cook, the Thief, His Wife and Her Lover (9:20pm) at the Ridge...

THU 14 Faiths No More at 86 Street... Wallin' Al Walker's Blues Band at the Yale... Gary Fellgallard at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Tania Trepanier exhibition at the AMS Art Gallery... Sharyn Yuen exhibition at the Pitt Gallery... Lips Together, Teeth Apart at Vancouver Playhouse... The Belly of an Architect (7pm) and The Cook, the Thief, His Wife and Her Lover (9:20pm) at the Ridge...

FRI 15 CITR and the GEORGIA STRIGHT PRESENT BAR RELICION, COFFIN BREAK AND CHROME DICE AT THE COMMODORE... Circle C with guests at the Crawl Elephant... Gary Fellgallard at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Wallin' Al Walker's Blues Band at the Yale... Young Fresh Fellows at the Backstage (Seattle)... Tania Trepanier exhibition at the AMS Art Gallery... Sharyn Yuen exhibition at the Pitt Gallery... Lips Together, Teeth Apart at Vancouver Playhouse... The Elementary School at the Ridge (7:30 & 9:30pm)...

SAT 16 CITR PRESENTS SEX WITH NIXON AND THE SMALLS AT THE TOWN PUMP... Gary Fellgallard at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Wallin' Al Walker's Blues Band at the Yale... Vancouver Academy of Music at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Young Fresh Fellows at the Backstage (Seattle)... Sharyn Yuen exhibition at the Pitt Gallery... Lips Together, Teeth Apart at Vancouver Playhouse... The Elementary School at the Ridge (7:30 & 9:30pm)...

SUN 17 Sharyn Yuen exhibition at the Pitt Gallery... Lips Together, Teeth Apart at Vancouver Playhouse... The Elementary School at the Ridge (7:30 & 9:30pm)...

MON 18 Sharyn Yuen exhibition at the Pitt Gallery... Lips Together, Teeth Apart at Vancouver Playhouse... The Elementary School at the Ridge (7:30 & 9:30pm)...

TUE 19 Cruel 70's Disco at the Crawl Elephant... Sharyn Yuen exhibition at the Pitt Gallery... Lips Together, Teeth Apart at Vancouver Playhouse... The Elementary School at the Ridge (7:30 & 9:30pm)...

WED 20 Sinsers Squad with Taste, Woodlum Empire and Elephant's Child at the Crawl Elephant... Sharyn Yuen exhibition at the Pitt Gallery... Lips Together, Teeth Apart at Vancouver Playhouse... The Elementary School at the Ridge (7:30 & 9:30pm)...

THU 21 Hungry Crocodiles with guests at the Crawl Elephant... Jeff Johnston Quartet featuring Kenny Wheeler at VCC King Edward Campus Auditorium... Sharyn Yuen exhibition at the Pitt Gallery... Lips Together, Teeth Apart at Vancouver Playhouse... The Elementary School at the Ridge (7:30 & 9:30pm)...

FRI 22 The Smugglers with Heaves Ranchers and BUM at the Crawl Elephant... 88 King at the Orpheum... Kate Hammett-Vaughan at VCC King Edward Campus Auditorium... VSO: Orchestral Music Experiences in Sound at Simon Fraser University... Sharyn Yuen exhibition at the Pitt Gallery... Lips Together, Teeth Apart at Vancouver Playhouse... The Elementary School at the Ridge (7:30 & 9:30pm)...

SAT 23 The Rattled Roosters with guests at the Crawl Elephant... The Battled Band at the WISE Club Hall... Bob & Bunka with Eric Corday at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Marilyn Leimer, Ralph Engel, Saul Baron at the Jewish Community Centre... Sharyn Yuen exhibition at the Pitt Gallery... Lips Together, Teeth Apart at Vancouver Playhouse... The Elementary School at the Ridge (7:30 & 9:30pm)...

SUN 24 The Battled Band at the WISE Club Hall... Masterpiece Chamber Music's Night of Fancy at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Sharyn Yuen exhibition at the Pitt Gallery... Lips Together, Teeth Apart at Vancouver Playhouse... The Elementary School at the Ridge (7:30 & 9:30pm)...

MON 25 Joe Pass at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Sharyn Yuen exhibition at the Pitt Gallery... Lips Together, Teeth Apart at Vancouver Playhouse... Unforgiven (7pm) and A Fistful of Dollars (9:30pm) at the Ridge...

TUE 26 Cruel 70's Disco at the Crawl Elephant... Sharyn Yuen exhibition at the Pitt Gallery... Lips Together, Teeth Apart at Vancouver Playhouse... Unforgiven (7pm) and A Fistful of Dollars (9:30pm) at the Ridge...

WED 27 Sharyn Yuen exhibition at the Pitt Gallery... Lips Together, Teeth Apart at Vancouver Playhouse... The Public Eye (7:30pm) and Night and the City (9:30pm) at the Ridge...

THU 28 The Monks of Doom with the Diet Fishermen and guests at the Crawl Elephant... Women in View Festival at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Sharyn Yuen exhibition at the Pitt Gallery... Lips Together, Teeth Apart at Vancouver Playhouse... The Public Eye (7:30pm) and Night and the City (9:30pm) at the Ridge...

FRI 29 Women in View Festival at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Sharyn Yuen exhibition at the Pitt Gallery... Lips Together, Teeth Apart at Vancouver Playhouse... A River Runs Through It (7pm) and 01 Mice and Men (9:25pm) at the Ridge...

SAT 30 Flop with The Sweaters and The Many at the Crawl Elephant... Women in View Festival at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Sharyn Yuen exhibition at the Pitt Gallery... Lips Together, Teeth Apart at Vancouver Playhouse... A River Runs Through It (7pm) and 01 Mice and Men (9:25pm) at the Ridge...

SUN 31 Women in View Festival at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... A River Runs Through It (7pm) and 01 Mice and Men (9:25pm) at the Ridge...

VENUES VENUES VENUES VENUES VENUES

Access Gallery • #26-48 Seymour
Alma Street Cafe • 2505 Alma (at Broadway)
Artspeak Gallery • #3-3110 West Hastings
Cafe Bergman • 52 Powell (Gastown)
Cafe Django • 1184 Denman (at Davie)
Commodore Ballroom • 870 Granville (Granville Mall)
Contemporary Art Gallery • 555 Hamilton
Crawl Elephant • 23 West Cordova (Gastown)
86 Street • Plaza of Nations (BC Enterprise Centre)
Glass Slipper • 185 East 11th Avenue (at Main)
Hollywood North • #856 Seymour
Isadora's • 1540 10th Avenue (Granville Island)
Latin Quarter 1305 Commercial Drive
Maximus • 1176 Granville (at Davie)
May Day Dugout • 1248 Seymour (at Davie)
Orkney Gallery • 314 West Hastings
Paradise Cinema • 919 Granville (Granville Mall)
Park Theatre • 3440 Cambie
Pitclub Pub • 630 West Pender
Pit Pub • basement, Student Union Building (UBC)
Pitt Gallery • 317 West Hastings
Queen Elizabeth Theatre • Hamilton at Georgia
Railway Club • #93 Dunsmuir (at Seymour)
Ridge Cinema • 2131 Arbutus at 16th
Sandy Cove • 1554 Marine Drive, West Vancouver
Smash Gallery • 160 West Cordova (at Cambie)
Speedy O'Tubbs • Fairview, Bellingham
Starlight Cinema • 935 Denman
Town Pump • 66 Water Street (Gastown)
Vancouver East Cultural Centre • 1895 Venables
Varsity Theatre • 4375 West 10th Avenue
Video In • 1102 Homer
Waterfront Theatre • 1405 Anderson (Granville Island)
Western Front • 303 East 8th Avenue
WISE Club • 1882 Adanac (At Victoria)
Yale • 1300 Granville (at Drake)

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